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Model Coats — Ground Floor

(below)

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Model Suits — First Floor

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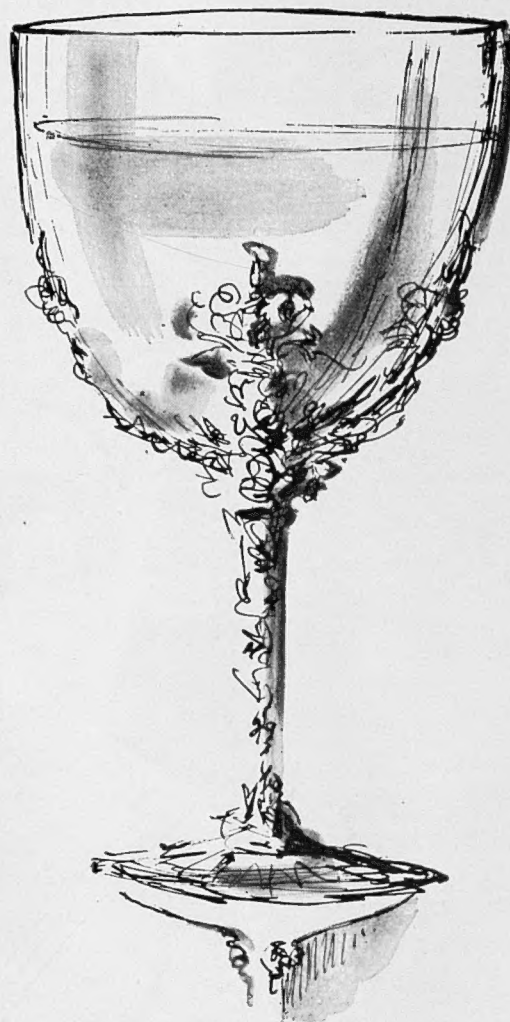
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Dresses—first floor

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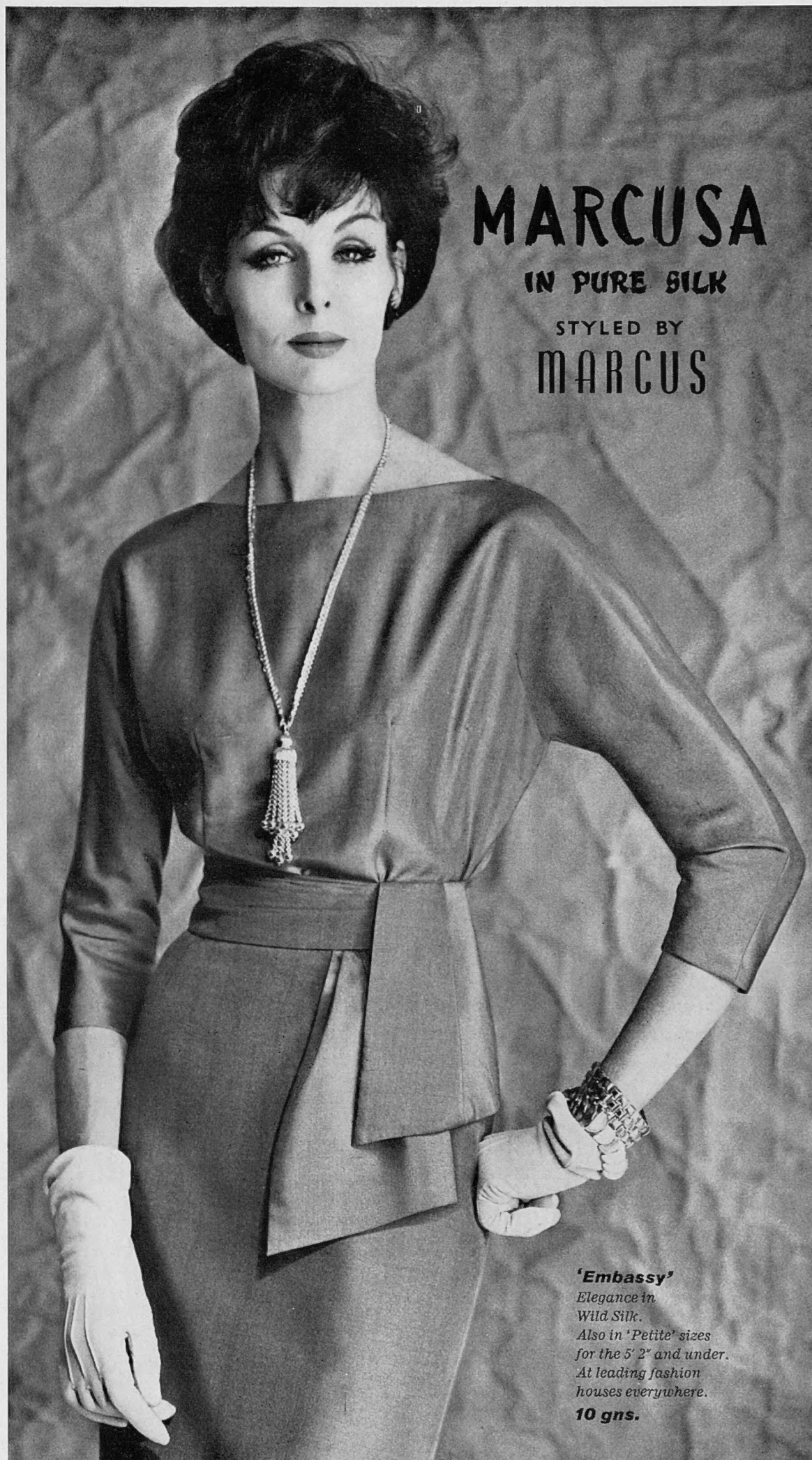
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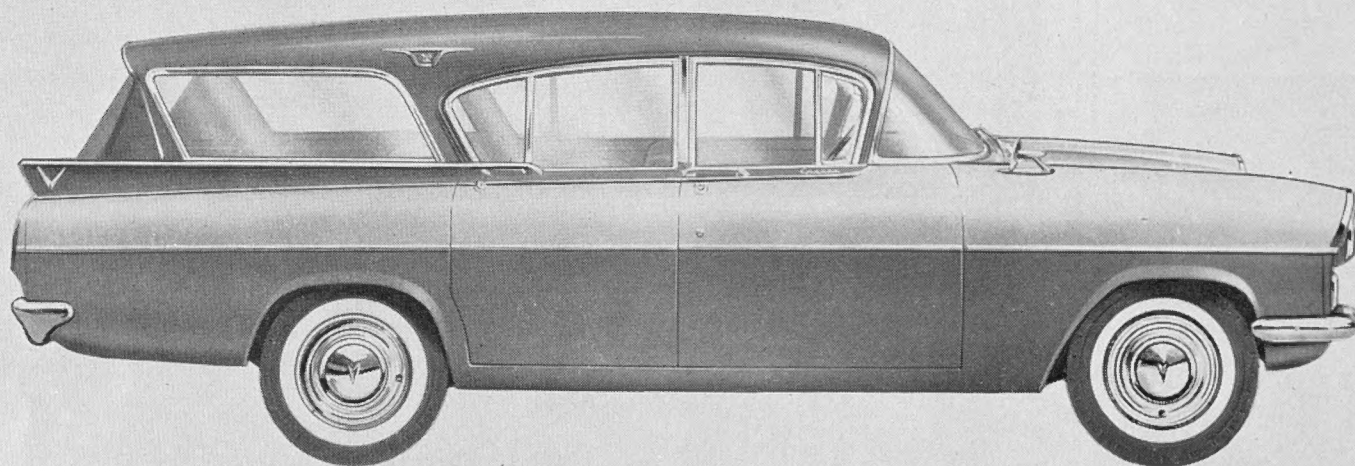
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4 APRIL, 1962

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Eastern fashion in fabrics starts with the T in Tatler—a greeny-blue and brown Egyptian silk surah from Jacqmar. A is for Abraham pure silk in red and orange flowers at Allans, Duke St. T is Boussac cotton from Selfridges and Cavendish House, Cheltenham. L is for Liberty printed silk with Egyptian motif; E in tropical pinks and yellow Staron silk is exclusive to Harrods. R repeats the Liberty fabric for L and is seen again in the lowest band of the bodice. Working upwards on the figure, another Liberty pyramid print on silk; Staron's pink and yellow silk, purple and red printed silk from Liberty and another glimpse of Jacqmar's silk surah in khakis and blue. Cover devised by Dale Maxey. More fashions in dress fabrics on page 38.

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Spring Antiques Fair, Town Hall, Chelsea, to 14 April. Opening 2 p.m. today by the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Lascelles.

Floral Art Exhibition, Pollock House, Glasgow, in aid of the Save The Children Fund, 10, 11 April. (Tickets, inc. morning coffee, 7s. 6d.; inc. afternoon tea, 12s. 6d., from Mrs. William Blyth, 140 Shelley Road, Glasgow, W.2.)

Moth Ball, Peter Jones, Sloane Square, 11 April, in aid of Family Service Units. (Tickets from N. E. Smith, Esq., F.S.U., 207 Marylebone Road, N.W.1. PAD 0218.)

Scapa! Gala performance, Adelphi Theatre, in aid of the Sea Cadet Corps, 11 April. (Tickets from Mrs. Madge Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7. FRE 2285.)

"The Beggars' Opera," three performances by the Cambridge Opera da Camera at Hatfield House, in aid of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, 12, 13, 14 April. (Details, Geo. Chambers, Esq., Appeals Organiser, 49 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.)

Point-to-points: Woodland Pytchley, Bingley; Bicester, Warden Hill; Blackmore Vale, Kingsweston; Chiddingfold & Leonfield, Rudwick; Norwich Staghouls, Hethersett; Essex, Hatfield Broad Oak; Hurworth; Grove & Rufford; Pendle Forest; S. Hereford, Belmont; 7

April. Warwickshire, Wellesbourne, 12 April. Belvoir, Garthorpe; Essex Union, Hatfield Broad Oak; Fitzwilliam, Water Newton; Bedale; Burton; Holderness; Crawley & Horsham; Monmouthshire; Pytchley; S. Dorset, 14 April.

Horse Trials: Warwickshire Hunt, 6 April; Cattistock Pony Club, 9 April. Badminton Three-Day Trials, 12, 14 April; Pendle Forest & Craven, W. Marton, nr. Skipton; Grafton Pony Club, 16 April.

IRISH EVENTS

International Hunt Races, Kilfeakle, Co. Tipperary, 22 April; **Irish Grand National**, Fairyhouse, 23 April; **Punchestown races**, 8, 9 May; **Repertory Season** of famous Abbey Theatre plays, Killarney, June-Sept.; **Irish Derby**, The Curragh, 30 June; **Meath Hunt Ball**, Gresham Hotel, Dublin, 30 June; **Dublin University Summer School**, Trinity College, 4-18 July; **Irish Hospitals £5,555 Golf Tournament** at Woodbrook Golf Club, Co. Dublin, 20-22 July; **Dublin Horse Show**, 7-12 August; **Galway Oyster Festival**, September; **Dublin Theatre Festival**, 24-27 Sept.; **Wexford Festival of Music and the Arts**, 21-28 Oct.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Hurst Park, today & 5; Windsor, 6, 7; Ayr, Catterick Bridge, 7; Ayr, Leicester, 9, Newmarket (Craven meeting), 10-12. **Steeplechasing:** Stratford-on-Avon, Wincanton, 5; Bangor-on-Dee, 6, 7; Ayr, Rothbury, 7; Taunton, Uttoxeter, 12 April.

BOAT RACE

Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Putney to Mortlake, 7 April.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *La Traviata*, tonight & 7 April; *Fidelio*, 5, 9 April; *Rigoletto*, 11 April, 7.30 p.m.; *Tristan & Isolde*, 13 April, 6 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Dances Concertantes*, *Persephone*, *Don Quixote (pas de deux)*, *Diversions*, 6, 10 April, 7.30 p.m.; *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7 April, 2.15 p.m.



Herbert von Karajan will conduct three concerts by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall on 6, 7 & 8 April. This orchestra, considered to be the finest in the world, has not visited London for six years. Von Karajan resuscitated the Berlin Philharmonic and the Vienna players have triumphed under his baton. With him here is his wife

ART

Sonja Henie—Neils Onstad Collection of modern paintings, Tate Gallery, to 8 April.

International Art Treasures, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 29 April.

Religious Themes In Painting, Wildenstein Gallery. (See Galleries, page 54.)

FIRST NIGHTS

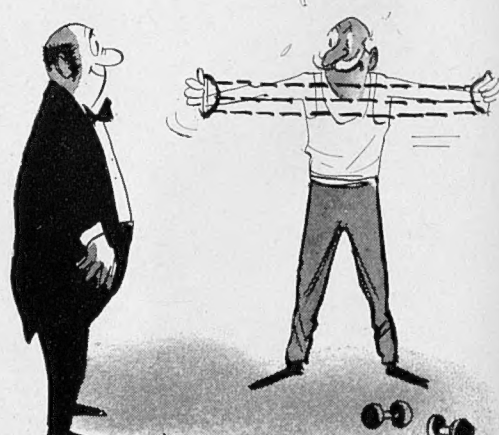
Garick Theatre. *Two Stars For Comfort*, tonight.

Haymarket Theatre. *The School For Scandal*, 5 April.

Savoy Theatre. *A Thurber Carnival*, 11 April.

Mermaid Theatre. *Rockets In Ursula Major*, 11 April.

BRIGGS by Graham



FIRST NIGHT

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Iain Crawford

Late-night blues

ENTERTAINMENT OFFERED AFTER DINNER IN LONDON NIGHT SPOTS has been moving in the direction of revue for some time. The big spectacular lavishly under-dressed girl shows with a singer or a comedian thrown in to prove that exposure was not the only talent on view started it. Then **The Establishment** offered the kind of revue sketches which were a little too sharp-fanged for Aunt Emily from Streatham sitting in the stalls. Now one of my favourite night spots **The Blue Angel** is at it. Unlike many places this club is generally pretty full. It has an enormous and loyal membership, mostly young, reasonably priced drinks, good, fairly simple food, a dance floor like a boxing ring and a good band. The cabaret there usually seems to consist of Bryan Blackburn and Peter Reeves, Noel Harrison and the lusty Spanish singing and twanging group, Los Valldemosas. It still does—but oh, what have they done to themselves? Technically, it is described as a 90-minute musical and satirical revue entitled *Bats In The Basement*. The stars, Messrs. Blackburn, Reeves, Harrison, and Los Valldemosas, are intelligent and talented artists whose work has given me much pleasure in the past, but I found this infuriating. There was one funny sketch—about French TV commercials—and even that was allowed to dwindle to nothing at the end. In addition to the age of the jokes and the fact that most of the comedy situations were abandoned by the *commedia del' arte* as overworked in the 17th century, the satire would not have raised an

eyebrow in the *Nursemaids Weekly*. The show—if anything so lacking in unity can be given a collective title—had an addition of talent in the pleasing shape of Valerie Walsh and a small and endearing coloured gentleman who was un-named. What it needs is a scriptwriter and a producer. There is no excuse for a show just being flung on because it takes place at 1.30 a.m. in a basement.

One of the few London clubs which keep going until the small hours and offer residential facilities is the **Twenty-One Room** in Chesterfield Gardens. Now a flourishing—and most elegant casino has been added to the amenities of dining, wining and dancing available in this stylish Mayfair *cul de sac*. A double room costs £6 6s. a night and a single £3 3s. and all 25 rooms have private baths. Downstairs there is dancing to alternating bands from 8 to 3.30 a.m. and a lavish menu offers dinner, music and dancing for an inclusive price of 42s. The wine list has prices on it which are pleasingly unastronomical—you can get a good bottle for less than 30s.—and there is cabaret at 11 p.m. imported from the Meadows brothers' other Mayfair night spot, **Churchills**. Membership here is a good buy for the gay week-ender who likes to reverse the urban pattern and come up to town from Friday to Monday. It costs £5 5s. a year.

Cabaret calendar

Savoy (TEM 4343). Shirley Abicair, plus the *Three Robertis* and the *Savoy Dancers*

Talk of the Town (REG 5051). *Eartha Kitt* in the 11.30 cabaret spot, plus the new 10 o'clock revue, *Fantastico*

Pigalle (REG 7746). *Lavish floorshow*, *Extravaganza*, with *Les*

Cinq Peres. Twice nightly

The Establishment (GER 8111).

Jeremy Geidt and John Fortune in satirical observations

Blue Angel (MAY 1443). *Noel Harrison and company* in a new show, *Bats in the Basement*

Hungaria (WHI 4222). *Lionel Blair and his dancers*



John Baker White

Skal in Piccadilly

C.S. = Closed Sundays. W.B. = Wise to book a table

Skandia Room, Piccadilly Hotel, W.1. (REG 8000.) This is a new, and good, idea. Tables along the walls, as the setting for a horse-shoe bar displaying a large variety of Scandinavian cold dishes, Danish Smorrebrod (the sandwiches with the lids off) and Swedish Smorgasbord, also one hot dish each day. To go with it there is Carlsberg and Tuborg lager, and Danish and Swedish punches as appetizers. A good place if you want a light and quick meal. The staff are all Scandinavian. Cold dishes are in the 5s. 6d. to 8s. 6d. price range. The Cornish artist Stuart Armfield has done four unusual murals on a Scandinavian theme. Opening times weekdays 12 noon—3 p.m. and 5.30 p.m.—11 p.m. The Skandia should help to solve that where-to-go-before-the-theatre problem.

La Toque Blanche, 21 Abingdon Road (Kensington High Street end). (WES 5832.) C.S. Here Fernand and Monique Ferney, with about a dozen tables, have one of the most genuine French restaurants in London, even to the coffee. The decor, with its skilful use of copper, and using bottles as lights, is pleasant and simple. The food is first class. The *Terrine du Chef* is all it should be, and the chicken dishes are both original and excellent. They understand also the proper uses of that delightful vegetable, the artichoke. When ordering your meal bear in mind that this restaurant has about the best board of French cheeses in London. The wine list is short but well-chosen, and not over-expensive. Open for luncheon as well as dinner. It is not only wise to book: it is essential.

Siren song of the Swan

If you are visiting Berkeley Castle or the Wild Fowl Trust at Slimbridge, the Swan Hotel, Wotton-under-Edge (Wotton 2261), is a good

place to stop. The cooking is what one expects to find at an old inn—plain and good—but there are Continental dishes on the menu as well. There is dancing on Wednesdays and Saturdays. If you allow half-a-guinea for luncheon you will go away content. W.B. most evenings.

The nearby **Hunters Hall** at Kingscote, on the Tetbury Road (Uley 393), is under the same ownership. A free house, it has had an unbroken licence for 500 years. The dining-room is delightful, and the food is as good as the Swan's. I am told that the Wednesday and Saturday dances are great fun.

Wine note

Last year's clarets are likely to be full of body, short in quantity and high in price. That is the conclusion to be drawn from the report by Mr. A. K. E. Finch Noyes of Marshall Taplow, Ltd., after a visit to Bordeaux. Of the 1961 vintage he says: "They generally have a deep colour, intense bouquet and considerable body. The likelihood is that the wines will be bigger than in 1959, perhaps taking a little longer to mature but definitely *not* a slow maturing vintage like 1928, 1945 and even 1952. They will probably mature on the lines of the 1947 and 1929 vintages and may be comparable in quality."

After commenting on the small crops compared with an average year, he added: "I received the impression that very good wines have been made in St. Emilion and Pomerol as well as in the Medoc. The shortage of St. Emilion and Pomerol wines in the past few years makes the 1961 vintage appear all the more attractive in these two districts, particularly in view of prices being asked for the finer Medocs."

... and a reminder

Bella Roma, 200 Shaftesbury Avenue. (TEM 0862.) *Small, friendly, specializing in Roman dishes*

The Poor Millionaire, 158 Bishopsgate. (BIS 9333.) *Luncheon only. A challenge to all other City restaurants*

Howard Hotel restaurant, Norfolk Street, Strand. (TEM 4400.) *Worth*

remembering if you have business with the law

The Steak & Chop House, 40-41 Haymarket (top end). (WHI 6600.) *Run by Garners, pleasant decor and reasonable prices*

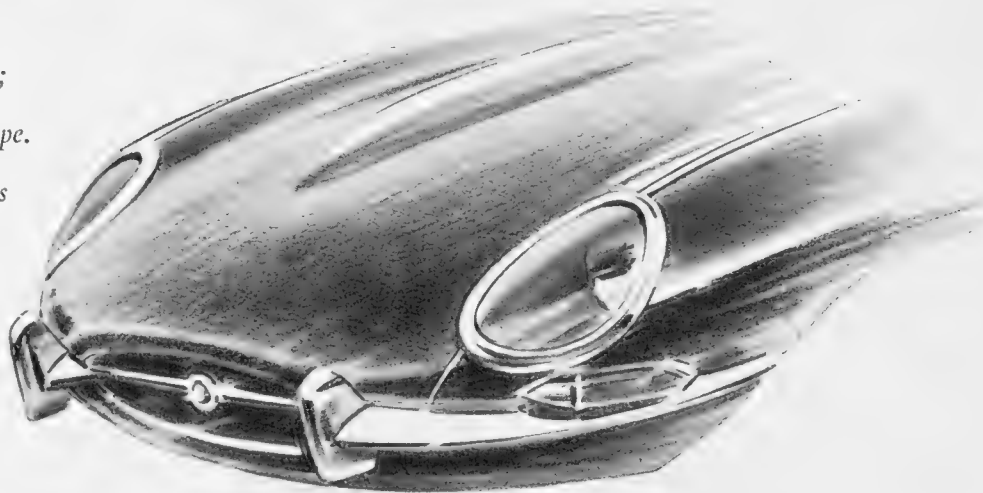
The Contented Sole, 19 Exhibition Road. (KNI 8359.) *Creditable replica of an Edwardian fish parlour*



grace...



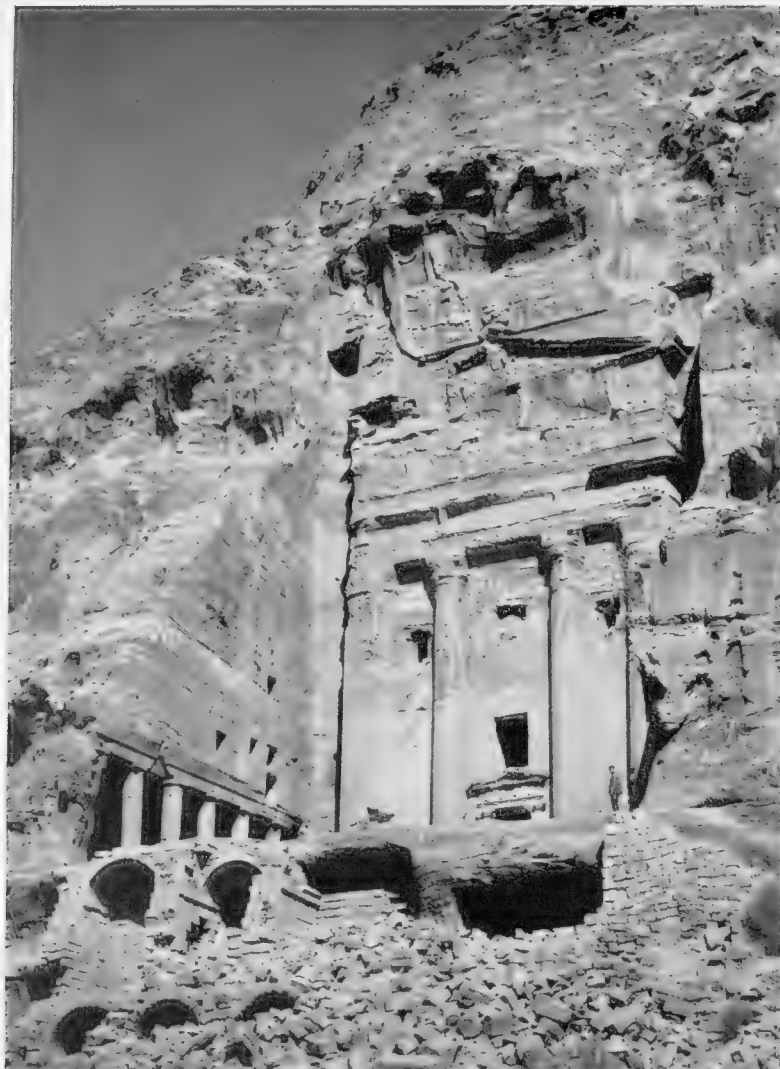
space...



pace

*Three basic models constitute the Jaguar range;
the Mark 2, the Mark 10 and the "E" Type.
Each is endowed with its own individuality, each is
outstanding in its performance and, together,
they satisfy every requirement of those motorists
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aspiration—to enjoy a special kind of motoring
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JAGUAR



PETRA: The Dheir and (above) the court and jail



Doone Beal

Pilgrimage to Petra

A LINE OF VERSE CAN TANTALIZE THE SUBCONSCIOUS IN THE SAME way as an elusive melody, blissful but unplaced. For years, I had known the couplet:

*Match me such marvels, save in Eastern clime—
A rose-red city—half as old as Time!*

knowing neither the author nor the place to which he referred. The author's name is Dean Burgon. The city is Petra, in southern Jordan. But its exact location has also tantalized would-be plunderers, explorers and archaeologists for some 14 centuries, until the Swiss explorer Burekhardt, in 1812, finally rediscovered this legendary city of the Nabatean kingdom that had flourished from 200 B.C. until about 300 A.D. Legendary, indeed, it must have been. Lying above one of the most important caravan routes between Baghdad and the Phoenician ports of Tyre and Sidon, its original inhabitants were little more than bandits who used to raid and plunder these silk and spice-laden caravans from the Orient. In later enlightenment, they thought better of that and elected, instead, to escort the caravans (for a heavy fee) through their territory and on to Damascus. Contact with the outside world showed them some of the glories of Greek civilization and, armed with both the knowledge and the necessary cash, they proceeded to build for themselves an elaborate kingdom, mostly carved from the rock face, ("petra" means rock) which is what the eager and amply rewarded traveller goes to see today.

This pilgrimage is an easier matter than it was even a decade ago, but it is still not, by any means, laid out on a plate. Thank heaven. The police post at Wadi Musa, where motors are exchanged for horses after the 3½-hour drive from Amman, refuses onward passage down the steep incline into the city after dark. Knowing this, we belted along the dead straight desert road at 70 miles an hour in order to keep an appointment with the elements. We arrived in time to see the sun melt over what appeared from the heights to be a low lying, cauliflower formation of rock, with a further gigantic proscenium of rocks rising behind it. That was Petra. So far as timing was concerned, we were a borderline case. After much telephoning, paper work and discussion we were eventually allowed to proceed at our own risk. Mounted, we began the descent over a loosely stoned track with a sharp ravine on one side. Did horses have good eyesight? As the trees blackened against a green-gage horizon and within minutes the sky shone with stars the like of which I have never seen, we entered the long, narrow "sik" that leads to the entrance of the city. Rocks 100 feet high almost met overhead, and you could touch either wall with your hands. Not surprising that a handful of men was once able to defend this passageway against an army. It opens out finally at the first of the amazing monuments, which we saw by the light of torches: the Khazneh or Treasury, which is in fact the most perfectly preserved of them all. It is not known whether it was a treasury as such, or whether a tomb of the Nabatean kings. In the same ghostly light was a theatre, but after that the path was so narrow and precipitous that one could concentrate only upon remaining in the saddle.

An hour later, we dismounted at the rest house, in what must have been the original city centre. We supped, drank and slept wondering

PETRA: *The temple of El Khazneh, taken from Es Siq*

whether the morning light would reveal all the things the poet had said. It did. But not only rose-red: dark indigo, pale powder blue, ivory, pink and curry brown striped the surrounding rocks, some of which appeared to have been poured, like petrified candle-wax, over the pillared houses. Piled vertically on top of each other, these "tomb houses" (which suggest a cult of the dead like that of the ancient Egyptians) were always more elaborate, more sheltered from the elements, than were those of the living. In fact few traces of normal dwellings remain, since they were built in exposed places and of stone that is soft enough to crumble with the fingers.

The city lies in a bowl surrounded by crags and mountains, from which various tracks marked with red arrows radiate over the stones and up into the hills. With the help of a 12-year-old boy who scrambled effortlessly and barefoot ahead of us, we climbed for nearly an hour from one crag to another until quite suddenly the landscape opened on to a broad green plateau, high in the western corner of the city. And facing us was what might easily, in a bad dream, have come straight from some late baroque church frontage in 19th-century Vienna.

"Monstrous, isn't it?" said an archaeological student already encamped in the plateau and pointing to the Dheir or cathedral whose immense columns, surmounted by an urn, soared dizzily into the sky. What is remarkable about the Dheir is that anybody either conceived or built it, beautiful or not, in such a spot 2,000 years ago. And that it is still standing. The sight of something so unexpected, so overwhelmingly large and elaborate combined to give a feeling of unreality and slight vertige. Wandering away from the cave in which an Arab boy had sold us a bottle of Pepsi-Cola for 4s. and for which one would gladly at the time have given five times the amount, I found myself at the head of a gorge whose sheer grandeur was far more worth the climb than the building itself. An initial frame of crimson rock is backed by another of lion-coloured sandstone. A grove of ilex trees feathers the final black ravine that drops thousands of feet down to the plains, the narrow green ribbon of the River Jordan, and a hazy impression of the hills of Judea rising again behind it. The sun blazed from a pellucid clarity of blue, and the last crescent of the moon still glowed white in the heavens. It felt like the roof of the world and the brink of eternity, and not even the wheeling rocks broke the hot, crystalline silence.

Most of the famous monuments—the Palace Tomb, the Amphitheatre, the Treasury and Pharaoh's tomb, are all on the track which you ride to leave Petra. But there are small domestic details—flights of steps linking one house with another, and the elaborate water channels without which the city could never have existed, let alone held sway for so long. Petra became a province of Rome for a century or so, before the Romans diverted the caravan routes northwards via Palmyra instead, and this rich, romantic city gradually declined, never to be visited again, save briefly by the Crusaders in the 10th century, until its rediscovery. If you can take its remote solitude (some people sleep in caves or under canvas when the rest house is full) it is a pity not to spend at least a couple of nights in this, one of the original Wonders of the Ancient World. It ranks also among the great beauties of Delphi, Baalbek, Agrigento and Delos, but is not quite comparable with any.

The return trip from Amman by taxi costs £15, plus another £3 for a night at the rest house and about £1 10s. for horses and guides. The Petra Taxi Co., with branches in Amman and Jerusalem, is a reliable firm well acquainted with the local form. In spring and autumn there are also certain cheaper coach tours linking up with the stables at Wadi Musa. Leading hotels and travel agents in Jerusalem and Amman can advise on details.



A. F. KERSTING



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

GOING
PLACES
IN
PICTURES

Donal Donnelly (centre) plays the leader of a Teddy boy gang in *The Scatterin'*, the play by James McKenna now at the Theatre Royal, Stratford E., described as a "rock and ballad musical of Dublin Teddy boys." The composer, Dr. A. J. ("Careless Love") Potter, has inserted a Twist into the score for London. First seen at the 1960 Dublin Festival *The Scatterin'* was hailed as the most exciting Irish play since *The Plough & the Stars*. With Mr. Donnelly in the picture is singer Noel Sheridan who plays another member of the gang

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THE TATLER
4 APRIL 1962

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HOUNDS GO TO SCHOOL



Four girls made the most of it when a hunt met in their school grounds. They are, from left, Mary-Claire Barber, Susan Arbuthnot, Barbara Scholefield and Ricky Parks. Occasion was the Saturday meet of the Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Woldingham in Surrey. Muriel Bowen reports overleaf, with more pictures from Desmond O'Neill



Col. Sir Ralph Clarke, joint-M.F.H. of the Old Surrey & Burstow



Christina Manley & Jennifer Kelly followed on foot

MURIEL BOWEN *reports*

IT WAS AN OCCASION OF GIRLS GALORE AND every known horse in the neighbourhood bridled and saddled when the Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt met at the Convent of the Sacred Heart School, Woldingham. Increasingly packs of hounds meet at schools—the Cottessmore go to Uppingham and the Sandhurst Beagles to Stowe, and there are many more—but for sheer enthusiasm I have never seen anything to touch Woldingham. “Reverend Mother is a splendid person, perfectly splendid, and she always gives us the most wonderful welcome,” Col. Sir Ralph Clarke told me. Sir Ralph is joint-Master with Sir Derek Greenaway, Bt., and Mr. Uvedale Lambert who is Surrey’s High Sheriff. There were pink coats in the parlour and an army of parents, sheepskin-coated and ready for the subsequent snow, on the steps outside the large red brick house. For me it was fun to go back “to school” for a night and emerge for the day’s work booted and spurred!

One parent described the scene before hounds moved off as “delightfully informal.” It was much more human than that, it was happily chaotic. Quite a few of the hounds had found willing shoulders for their paws and huntsman Jack Champion looked on helpless at a scene that would never happen in kennels. The horses too were having the time of their lives. While riders enjoyed refreshments in the parlour each horse was attended by a couple of self-appointed “grooms.” If Rev. Mother Bennett later dis-

covered that her sugar bill that week had shot up, I hope she will be consoled by the thought that the horses left the meet as happily refreshed by the girls as the riders had been by the Community.

RIDERS IN THE SNOW

A Birch Wood fox zig-zagged through the Woldingham property getting to ground by the South Lodge; 50 minutes of woodland hunting enlivened by some rails to jump. I watched Miss Anne Greenwood on a good-looking bay pop effortlessly over some posts-&-rails on the side of a hill. She was followed by Mr. R. M. Wynne Edwards, Mrs. Uvedale Lambert and her brother Mr. Bill Grant from the Arapahoe country in the U.S., where fleet-footed coyotes are the main quarry. It was a jump that stopped quite a few until somebody inadvertently lowered the top rail. Miss Angela Cannicott, one of the Woldingham girls, had her pony run out at it, tearing her breeches with wire to the extent that her mother will have to fork out for a new pair. However the incident only increased Angela’s determination to get over that jump and the remainder of those we met that day.

It was a day of many facets. As coats grew heavily flecked with snow, hounds left Flower Wood in a tremendously rich, ringing chorus. But a post-&-rails, 4 ft. 6 in., very solid, and with a deep drop brought all but three of 80



Followers gathered in front of the Convent. In the group are Jane Lorimor, Caroline Cannicott, Jane Whigham and Clare Slade

charging riders to a halt. Personally I thought that **Sir Ralph Clarke**, 70 this year, deserved a cheer for showing the way over it. He was followed by **Mr. Bernard Rose**, and most spectacularly by **Miss Sibylle Nehring**. For the rest it was a case of finding another way out; a post-&-rail with a ditch either side, out of one bog and into another one. **Miss Philippa Andrae**, the honorary secretary, on a big brown horse took it cautiously and made it look easy. Then a crash, a horse and rider falling backwards into the ditch. Surveying it from afar **Mr. Jimmy Edwards** said: "It's a jump for only the *very* young or the *very* brave!" **Mrs. Tim Boad**, elegant with her bunch of violets in her lapel, wasn't one to be stopped by **Mr. Edwards**. Nor were four of the Woldingham girls whom I noticed: **Miss Catherine Riddell**, **Miss Mafra Lawson**, **Miss Norah Parks** (granddaughter of the President of Peru) and **Miss Susan Leyland**, all riding their hired horses with courage and that high degree of determination so often indispensable in crossing the country on a hired horse. What a delightful lot of people to go hunting with, and I could not have had a better vantage point than the back of **Miss Caroline Evans's** chestnut, Taboo.

IRELAND'S BADMINTON

Across the Irish Sea there were more horses and riders. Quite a slice of sporting Ireland went to Castletown, Co. Kildare, for the All

Ireland Hunter Trials, an event that is rapidly developing into an Irish Badminton. In Siberian winds over 80 of Ireland's best hunters took part in the individual event, and there were 41 teams representing the various hunts.

Miss Althea Urquhart, one of last year's debutantes, outshone all the famous names to win the individual trophy. It was a fast and balanced performance covering the 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles and 28 fences in 8 minutes 40 seconds. I saw her jump over an obstacle on to a sort of ski slope and gallop on without hesitation. The girls swept the team event too, **Mrs. Waring Willis**, **Miss Carol Pilkington**—giving plenty of vocal encouragement to her horse—and her sister **Moira** (another of last year's debs) winning for the Ward Union. The Waterford Hunt represented by the **Marquess & Marchioness of Waterford** and **Miss Priscilla Cubitt** were the runners-up. I thought Lady Waterford on her mare, Happy, gave one of the most polished performances of the day.

Not all the experts were on horses, many more were on the ground, people like the **Duchess of Westminster**, **Mrs. E. T. Boylan**, **Major & Mrs. Victor McCalmont**, and **Mrs. John Alexander**. Advice to riders in difficulties was freely distributed. **Mr. Don O'Neill-Flanagan** received more than his fair share when it came to getting **Mrs. Dermot McCalmont's** Lindy Lou in and out of the water splash. Mistakes and near disaster were greeted by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



Maureen Asprey of the lower Fourth



Mrs. G. H. Incledon

ALL IRELAND HUNTER TRIALS AND



Mrs. Derek Le Poer Trench leading Mrs. Patrick Pickersgill.



Miss Virginia Freeman-Jackson from Mallow, Co. Cork. The trials were held on the estate of Lord Carew, president of the Irish Horse Society



The Marchioness of Headfort was one of the fence stewards. With her, Mr. John Dring

PHOTOGRAPHS: CHARLES FENNELL



Lady Avena Stanhope and Miss Priscilla Cubitt



Lady Beil, wife of Sir Alfred Beil, Bt.



Mrs. Maxie Cosgrove with her younger daughter, Abbey

MEATH HUNT



The Countess of Mount Charles, a former joint-Master of the Meath



Mr. Dodo Dunne. Right: The Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew, joint-Master of the North Kildare



Mrs. John Mullins with her daughter Judy

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

hoots of ironical laughter. While one team was dithering on the brink of the water splash the Kilkenny Team of Mrs. **Desmond Lambert** (granddaughter of the famous Carlow Master, Mrs. Hall), **Lord Templemore**, and **Major G. W. Murray-Smith** brushed by them, the backwash fairly drowning the refusing team! **The Hon. Desmond Guinness** has been the one in the past to provide most entertainment at this fence, but on this occasion he got over without hesitation and to the great cheers of his friends.

Joining in the applause was the American Ambassador, **Mr. E. Grant Stockdale**. "I came specially today because of what I had heard of Desmond and that fence," he told me. The Ambassador who is still recovering from the effects of being persuaded some weeks ago, by **Mr. Ted Kennedy** the President's brother, to accompany him on a ride round Dublin's Phoenix Park, sportingly asked some of the riders to a Twist party at the American Embassy after the Trials. "People who can ride horses over these kind of things must be marvellous at the Twist," he commented.

CHARGE OF THE KILDARE

Lord & Lady Carew, who have done most to make the All Ireland Hunter Trials a success, had the Kildare Hunt galloping across Castle-town the next day. As many of the competitors remained for the Celbridge meet, **Major Sir George Brooke**, the joint-Master, moved off at the head of a field representative of nine different hunts. Hounds found in the Big Wood and with the Carews' elder daughter, **the Hon. Diana Conolly-Carew**, leading, riders took a somewhat off course route, jumping five of the bigger timber jumps on the Trials course. **Miss Conolly-Carew** who has been joint-Master of the North Kildare Harriers for the past four seasons told me that she is giving up on 1 May as her other joint, **Mr. Patrick Ellis** is moving out of the country. "We want somebody to take them on, anybody who's keen," she told me. "It's also one of the cheapest packs in the world to run. After a Master has provided horses it only costs him about £300."

After the Arctic conditions of the previous day the sun was greatly welcomed. It was warm and bright giving added gleam to the new top hat of **Lieut.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Thompson**, a replacement for the one which had not survived an earlier meet. Not ideal hunting conditions, but hounds simply streamed away from the famous foxhold, Cullen's Gorse. It was a crisp gallop of 35 minutes across a fine piece of country with some yawning ditches to jump. One ditch which had just been cleaned out looked enormous, reminding me of a conversation I had heard at the meet when **Miss G. Denys**, reassuring a frightened Englishman, said she had a wonderful bonesetter. "One I can certainly recommend and only five shillings an hour!" she said.

On a good horse it was possible to look round and see how others were coping with the various obstacles. There was **Lady Hemphill** taking every sort of fence with style and polish on her **Grey Magic**, **Miss Jean Horsburgh** on a beautifully-mannered **Kiltra Lace**, which she had taken off the racecourse, **Lady Melissa Brooke** always quickly away when hounds find, **Mrs. Patrick Pickersgill** well up though not so well mounted as at the Trials the previous day, **Mr. John Jobson** whom I saw take a gate with some nonchalance on his handsome chestnut, and **Miss Deirdre Cooper** who had few followers when she jumped an awful place in order to escape a queue.

Others riding included: **Lt.-Col. Charles Clements**, the honorary secretary who never forgets a face, and his sister, **Miss Kitty Clements**, **Mr. Frank O'Reilly**, **Lady Antonia Wardell**, and **Mr. Harry Freeman-Jackson** the Olympic rider, as accomplished as ever and none the worse for having broken his leg earlier in the season. The day had its fair share of incidents, a riderless horse jumping with the rest, a runaway pony, and a rider who came off from exhaustion. Those of us delayed on rescue operations have to thank **Mr. Maxie Cosgrove** for help in catching up. We came on him at a crucial point, standing on a high gatepost complete with field glasses and he directed us the way that hounds had gone.

Before leaving Dublin I motored out a couple of miles to Burton Hall to lunch with **Lt. Col. & Mrs. Joe Hume Dudgeon** whose horse **Carlyle** had carried me well with the Kildare. Sadly he gives up the joint-Mastership of the Meath, which he considers is still the best Irish country to ride over, at the end of the season. Though an old injury to his leg now necessitates crutches to walk, he still rides over the big Meath banks and ditches to the great admiration of his friends.

IRELAND IN LONDON

In London the Irish filled the Great Room of Grosvenor House for the St. Patrick's Day celebrations of the National University of Ireland Club (see pictures on page 22). **Mr. Michael McCormack**, the club's president, & **Mrs. McCormack** welcomed, among others, the Irish Ambassador, **Mr. Hugh McCann** & **Mrs. McCann**, who were off to Spain on holiday a few days later, **Mr. & Mrs. Richard Raymond**, and **Dr. Patrick J. Hillery**, the Irish Minister of Education & **Mrs. Hillery**. Another guest was **Cardinal William Godfrey**. Distinguished Irishmen in London do well on St. Patrick's Day. **Sir John Craig**, the former Controller of the Royal Mint, was having his fourth St. Patrick's Day dinner in a week. "I think it's very nice the way people go on remembering us now that we're pensioners," **Lady Craig**, who has the same quick sense of humour as her husband, told me. About a third of the guests avoided the dinner and speeches and came in for the dancing. Having had both, I'm sure it was the speeches they were avoiding. They were a dreary collection.



Left: Hildegard, Viscountess Charlemont is given her shamrock by Miss Evelyn Mitchell, an Aer Lingus air hostess. Below: Cardinal Godfrey and Mr. M. McCormack, president of the University of Ireland Club, followed by Mrs. McCormack and Dr. P. J. Hillery, Minister for Education in Eire

BIG WEEK FOR THE IRISH

FEAST OF ST. PATRICK

The University of Ireland Club held its annual St. Patrick's night dinner at Grosvenor House

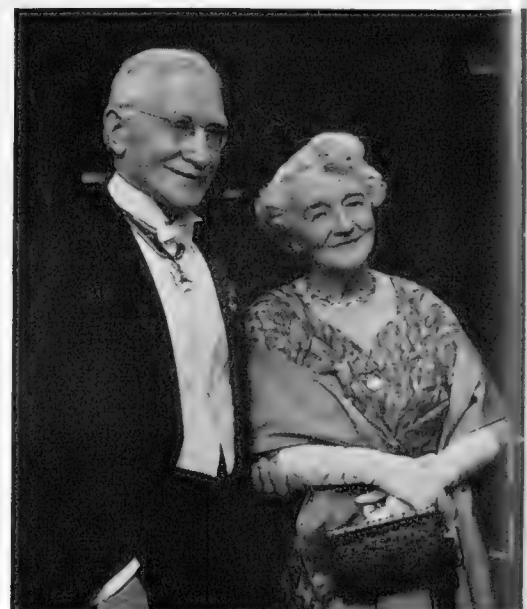
PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mr. & Mrs. R. Raymond



Mrs. H. J. McCann and Dr. T. Tangney



Sir John & Lady Craig



Earl & Countess Alexander of Tunis and Sir Charles Petrie

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Dr. Johannes Schwarzenberg, the Austrian Ambassador, & Mme. Schwarzenberg receive their guests

TO MEET THE CHANCELLOR

The Austrian Ambassador & Mme. Schwarzenberg gave a reception at Claridges for Dr. A. Gorbach, the Austrian Federal Chancellor



Dr. A. Gorbach, the Austrian Federal Chancellor, and Mr. John Profumo, the War Minister



Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, Bt., the Attorney-General, and Lady Petrie



Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal



Mrs. Patrick Bowdler was staying with her parents Sir Stewart & Lady Stewart-Clark of Dundas Castle, at their villa at Cap d'Ail

WHERE SPRING COMES EARLY

While England is still trying to shrug off the effects of winter, the South of France is starting its season in a sunburst of warm weather. Along the coast, in the hills behind it, visitors and residents enjoy the early spring

PHOTOGRAPHS: BRODRICK HALDANE



The new heated swimming pool of the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo. Its glass façade is closed in the colder weather. On a lower terrace there are private solaria



Lady Vereker, who with her husband Sir Gordon Vereker has a villa at Cannes



Mrs. James Fellner was at the Hotel de Paris



Mr. Graham Sutherland in his garden studio



Mrs. Bryan Gibbs and Countess St. Alwyn

AFTERWARDS



Geraldine McEwan pours champagne after her portrayal of a little suburban housewife in Giles Cooper's *Everything in the Garden*, the Royal Shakespeare Company's first production at the Arts Theatre. An English *comédie noire*, the kind of thing that one might expect from a collaboration between N. F. Simpson and Friedrich Dürrenmatt, the play was also a personal triumph for Miss McEwan. The critics sweetened the morning after with almost unanimous approval of her comedy timing and delivery

in the dressing room

The last call is taken, the applause dies, the curtain is finally down. The leading lady turns to leave the stage, her smile wanes, there is no longer any elation, only exhaustion and the beginning of self-doubt. Walking back to her dressing room she will remember the weeks of hard work beforehand—sometimes months if the play went on a long tour before reaching the West End. That was the time of preparation and now she wonders how she stood up to the final test before a first-night audience. Did she get everything right, each gesture and intonation, or did she sometimes lose control or overplay or feel for lost moments no more than a puppet on the producer's strings instead of the human being she attempted to incarnate? And if she is sure of herself, what

of her fellow players? Did none of them slip, fluff a line or a movement, and did she react swiftly enough to bridge the gap? But fatigue makes even doubt fade. At the end of the passage is the haven of her dressing room, brightly lit, filled with flowers and friends and well-wishing telegrams. For an hour or so life seems bright enough and she is not alone. Only deep inside her remains a foreboding of the morning's clouds for she has learned long ago that the fate of a play is unpredictable. All actresses know this ordeal and most grow sceptical of first night plaudits. One of them, asked how the curtains had been, replied: "The curtains were good . . . up to a point." And a young one sighed: "First nights are so misleading."

Diane Cilento talks to her friends after playing the lead in Elaine Dundy's first play *My Place*, which in spite of kind notices survived only briefly at the Comedy Theatre where it opened on 13 February. Appropriately the action is centred entirely in the theatre dressing-room of a young West End star, Annie Fox. Of Miss Cilento's performance the Tatler's Anthony Cookman wrote: "when the plot gets under way she at once gets a grip on the part"

Siobhan McKenna, spirited and intense Irish actress, enters her dressing room (right) after a brio performance in the lead of Doris Lessing's *Play With A Tiger* which followed Elaine Dundy's *My Place* into the Comedy Theatre in mid-March. Next day one newspaper described the play as an "irresponsible game of love pursued in the bed-sitters of *Earl's Court*," most other critics received the piece with reservations while applauding the performance of Miss McKenna. Anthony Cookman reviews the play on page 47



ROMANO CAGNONI





Joyce Grenfell poses with pearls after her solo performance at the Haymarket Theatre which she filled with a host of faithful admirers for a two-week season last month. Said the Mail's Robert Muller: "*the quintessence of Grenfellism is to pretend to be an amateur, to be doing party pieces for nice people from Sevenoaks . . . she always appears to love what she purports to satirize, except when her targets are lower middle-class or foreigners . . . She expresses the spirit of South Ken.*"

Irene Worth laughs with the relief from tension after a demanding performance as the formidable Madame la Marquise de Merteuil in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of *The Art Of Seduction*, John Barton's attempt to translate in terms of theatre the novel of letters *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* which shocked the Paris of 1782. The sense of shock was lacking for London audiences but most critics accorded bouquets to Miss Worth

Patricia Jessel joins the party in her dressing room after playing Margaret, the widow of Henry VI, in Colin George's controversial production of *Richard III* which entered the current Old Vic repertoire on 6 March. Below: Eileen Atkins after her own first night appearance as Lady Anne Neville in the same play. She was first brought to the Old Vic by Michael Benthall who spotted her playing Beattie in Wesker's *Roots*



Ava June (*left*) one of the principal sopranos of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company after the first night of a new production of Smetana's *The Bartered Bride*. She started work as a dressmaker, graduated through pantomime and musical comedy, joining the Wells in 1953 as a contralto. She has sung major soprano roles during the last three years and since January has added Violetta in *La Traviata* and Tatiana in *Eugene Onegin* to her repertoire

Zena Walker (*below*) played Nastasia in José Ruben's adaptation of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot* which opened the newly-formed Ikon Theatre Company's six-months' season at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. *Below left*: Penelope Horner played Aglaya in the Lyric production which set out to compress into three acts the essence of the 600-page novel



The architect answers

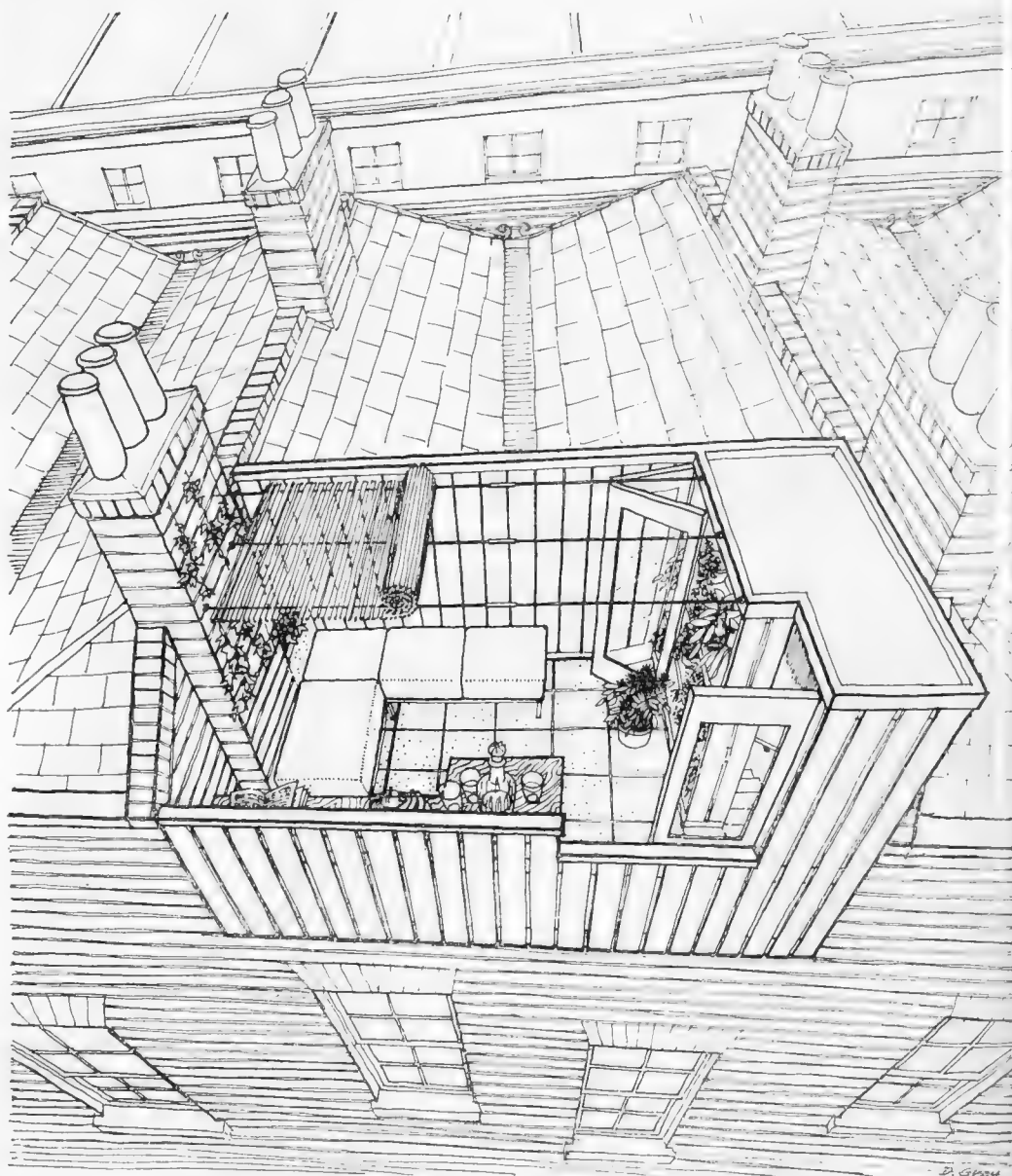


David Gray (*picture above*) is a junior partner in the firm of Lyons, Israel & Ellis and also tutors fifth-year students at the Architectural Association. Is married with one daughter and recently bought a mid-Victorian terrace house near Primrose Hill for which this roof-top treatment has been designed. He finds it hard to define where architecture ends and interior design begins. "The architect's job is manipulation of space; whether interior or exterior only seems relevant to the activity carried on there—for instance a terrace can be considered part of a total living space, both requiring furniture." He dislikes furniture when it is fashionable rather than functional.

● **Problem:** London terrace house, no garden, small back yard with little sun. Could the roof be utilized?

● **Solution:** (right) Removal of back half of existing pitched roof, substituting a flat roof with access by a straight flight staircase from top landing. The small terrace is treated as an outdoor room with fixed seating and removable squab cushions covered in brightly coloured waterproof canvas. Against the parapet wall there is a fixed shelf and table. Between the stairwell and terrace are enclosed shelves with potted plants behind double-glazed doors (for heat insulation) which fold back. A rattan screen unrolled across taut wire bearers gives shade on hot days. For storage, access could easily be arranged into the remaining unaltered attic.

● **Result:** An extra room in summer with splendid view, complete privacy and maximum sun. Also, a light top landing all the year round with overhead hanging garden.



Many people believe the architect's job stops at the exterior. But architects themselves maintain that architecture is more than skin deep, and have proved it by designing impressive buildings right down to the door handles, and even cutlery. The modern architect plans the inside, and the outside emerges as a result. He believes his job is to provide a pleasant background where convenience and economy are taken for granted and character is left to the occupants. To demonstrate, Ilse Gray asked several young architects for their own drawings of new or conversion jobs where the interest was principally internal



SANDRA LOUSADA TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPHS

Christopher Dean and Maya Hambly (picture above) are a husband and wife partnership. They live with their two little girls near Regent's Park, in a house on a trapezoid plan. This meant that some of their rooms presented quite a furnishing problem because of their odd shapes (see kitchen plan). It even made the stair carpet more difficult to lay.

● **Problem:** Long, awkward shaped room to be made into a kitchen in the architects' own house. Narrow at window end. No right-angle corners.

● **Solution:** (right) As no standard units could be used, the kitchen had to be tailor-made. Wall opposite door was fitted with 11 ft. 3 in. run of cupboards with a 3 ft. work top ("We don't agree with different level work top areas"). Eye-level oven and separate hot plate are gas and the extractor fan is incorporated in existing flue. Stainless steel sink is built into hardwood work-top and the refrigerator is under the work-top by the window. Concealed strip lights below upper cupboards are dramatic as well as efficient. Formica splash-back houses sockets, switches &c. Walls, window and door are white, fittings in bright green with dark brown Formica, recessed skirting and pull grip to cupboards and drawers. Curtains are brown checked gingham. Off-white lino tiles on floor, collapsible sealed parana pine topped table, traditional French café chairs.

● **Result:** Compact, workable, custom-built for the price of an off-the-peg kitchen, small, but good enough to eat in.



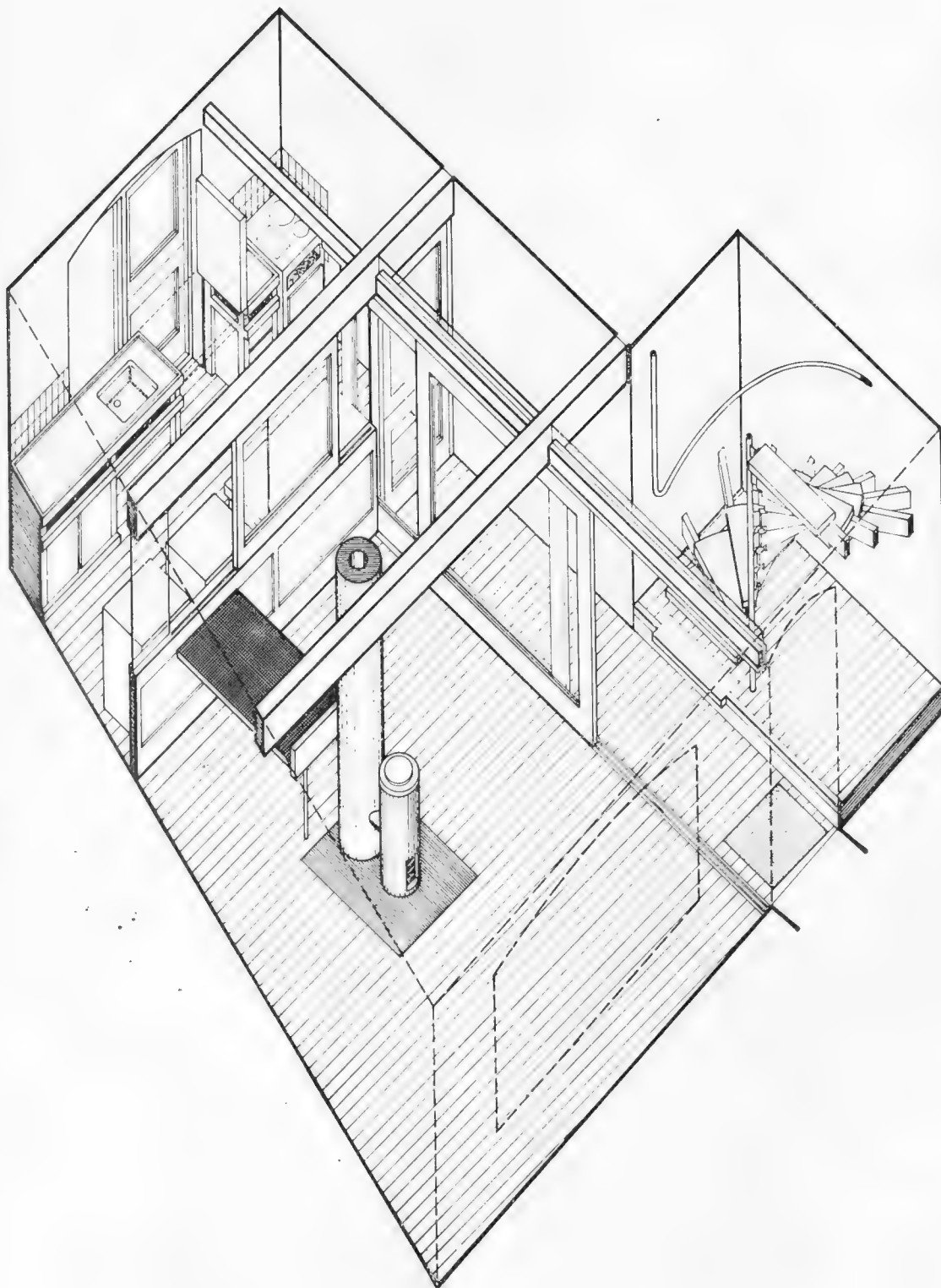


James Stirling and James Gowan (pictured above) have been in partnership for six years. Their work includes flats at Ham Common, a housing scheme at Preston and Selwyn College, Cambridge. They were one of the four finalists in the Churchill College, Cambridge, competition. When designing a house, they feel the interior should be left flexible enough for the client to express himself. "If you design too much," said James Gowan, "you leave your client with a museum. But of course we're always ready to advise." He also feels that the period of furniture doesn't matter as long as it is good of its kind. "Good 18th or 19th century furniture can go very well with modern."

● **Problem:** To design a 2-storey, 2-bedroom house on an odd-shaped site between a large Victorian terrace house and a mews in Kensington. No view front or back, party walls either side.

● **Solution:** Because of the lack of outside interest, the architects designed the house to look inwards so that the problem became virtually one of interior design. The ground floor (shown in the axonometric) was centred round a Pither stove and circular free-standing flue, which also helped to heat upstairs. Glazed sliding screens and hinged counter-flaps divide the area into a hallway, living-dining room, kitchen and small courtyard. When opened it becomes one large space for entertaining. A wide spiral staircase leads up to the bedrooms and bathroom. White plaster walls, natural varnished pine floors, ceilings and joinery plus a clerestory window above the stairs give maximum light ("it really sparkles on a sunny day").

● **Result:** A light and spacious house created from a small back yard.



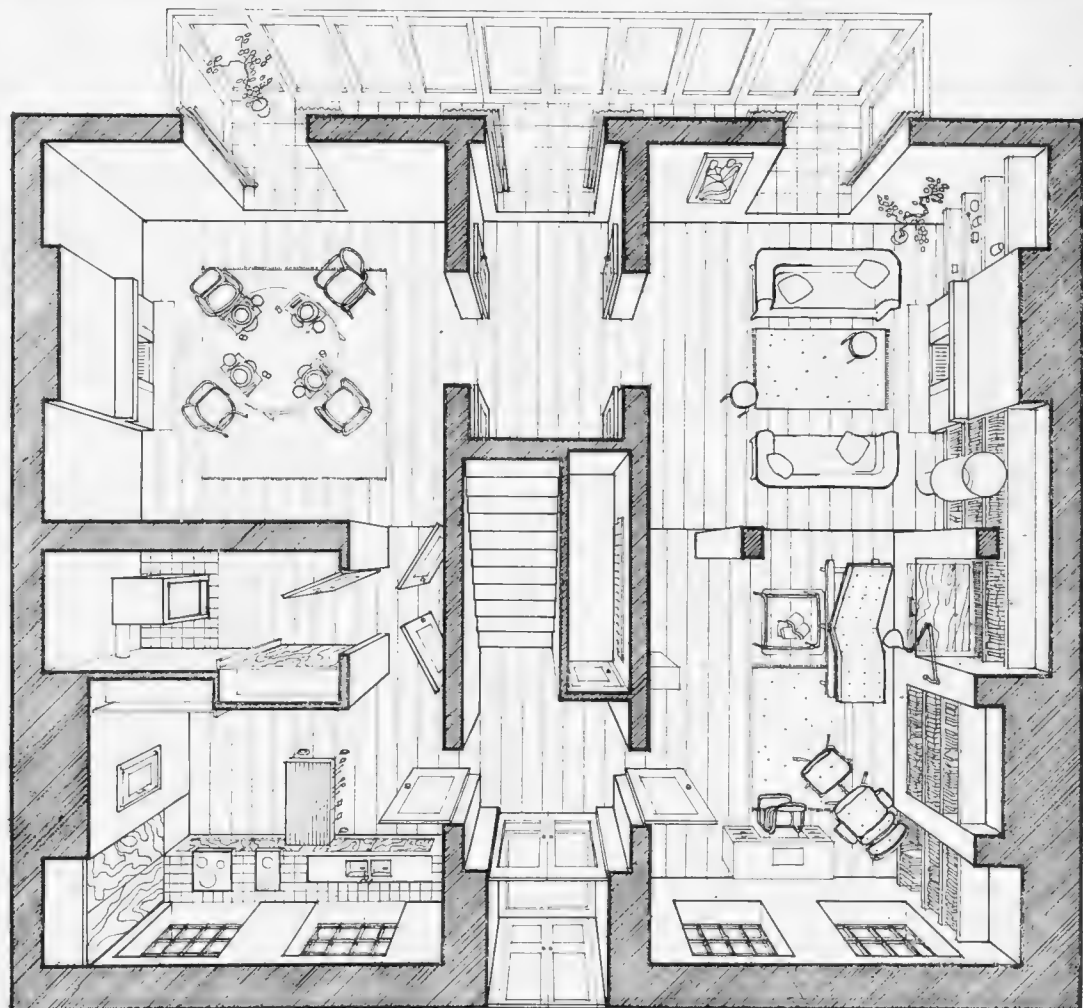
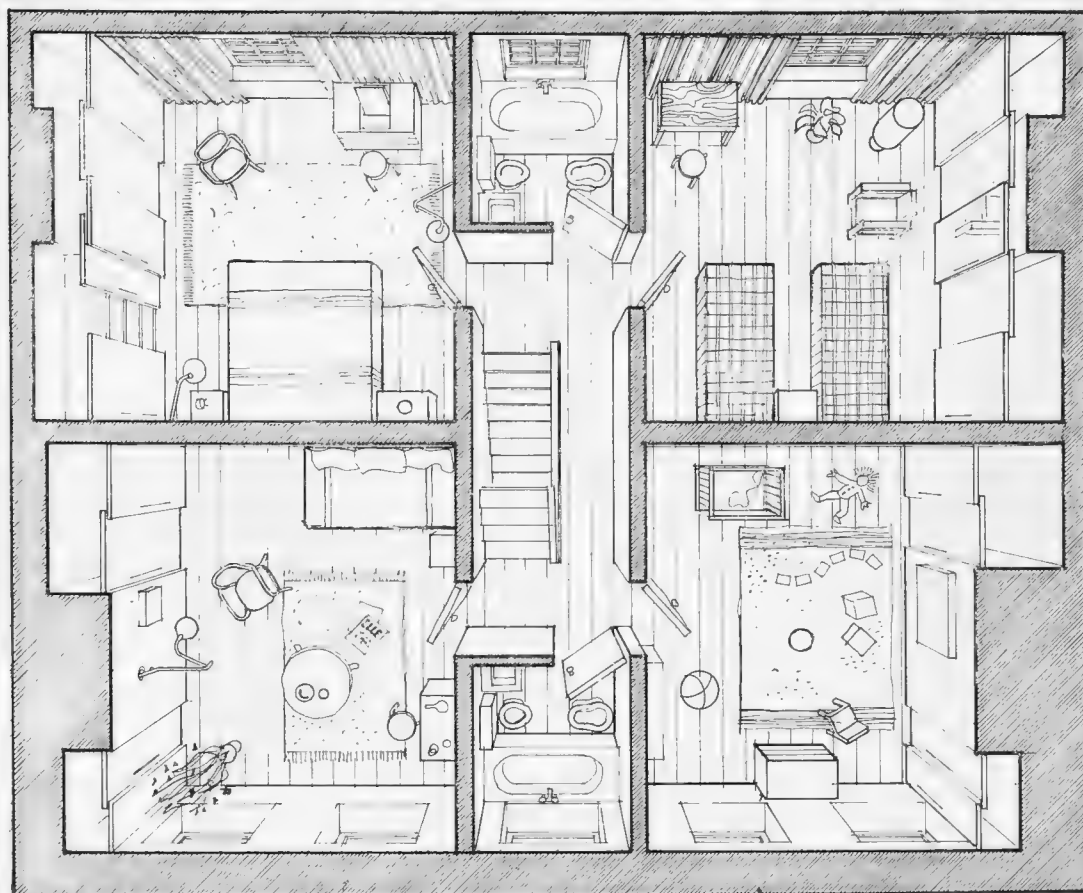


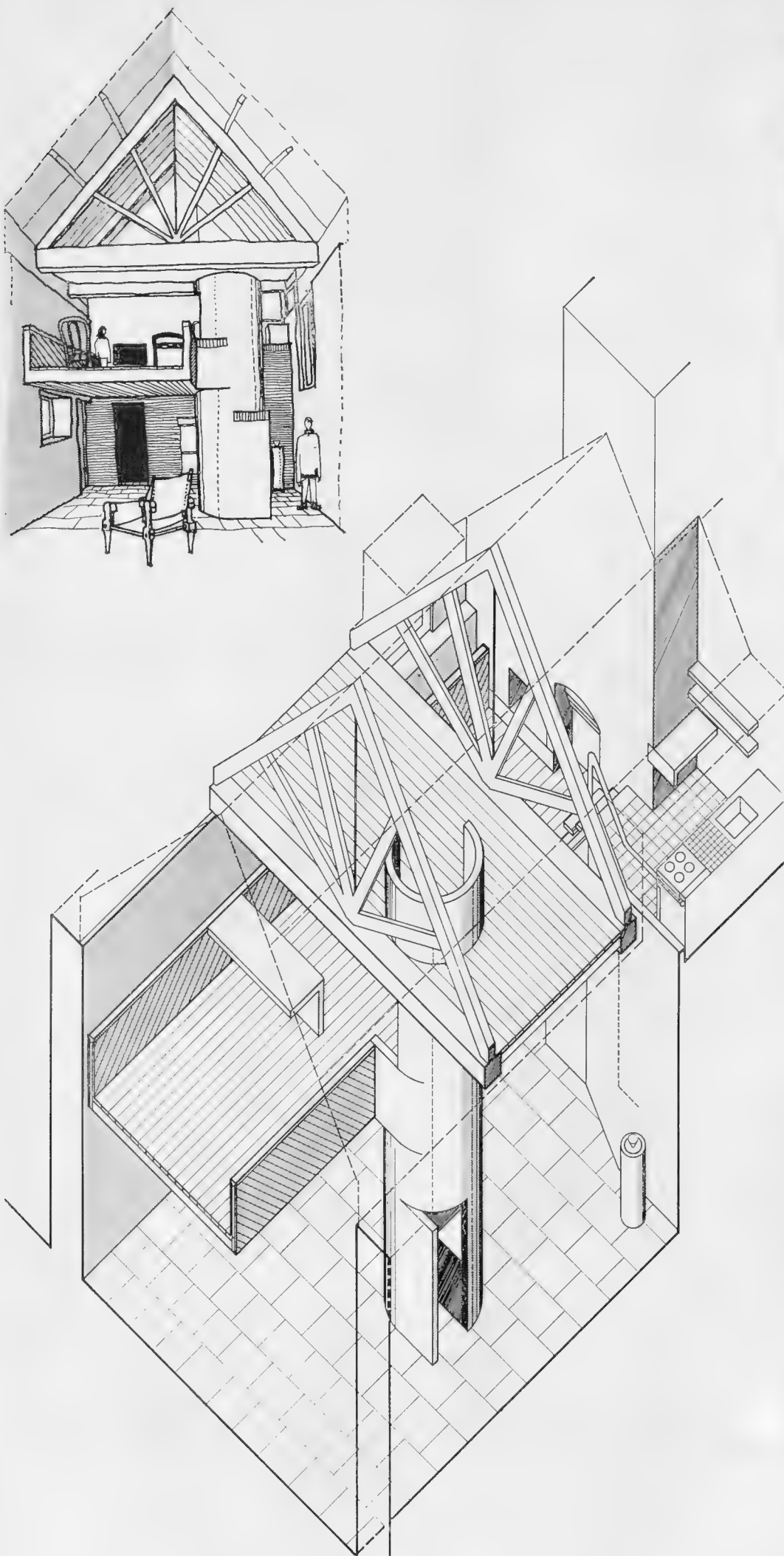
John Miller and Alan Colquhoun (pictured above) set up in practice together a year ago. John is married with two children. He qualified at the Architectural Association in 1956. Alan is a bachelor. He studied in Edinburgh and at the A.A. qualifying in 1949. Their present work includes a secondary school in West Ham.

● **Problem:** Conversion of a Queen Anne country vicarage near Cambridge for a family of four.

● **Solution:** Mainly a problem of manipulating existing spaces with the least structural alteration. On the ground floor the central narrow hall on one side of the staircase has been closed off, so that the staircase becomes part of a solid core, a continuous suite of rooms circulating round it and with vistas of the internal length and width of the house. A glazed loggia links the living- and dining-rooms to the garden. The existing change in level across the centre of the house has been retained. The kitchen has been moved from back to front of house and a utility room with boiler for central heating incorporated. In contrast, the upper floor retains its original plan in principle. Four bedrooms lead off a central landing; a second bathroom has been added and the old one replaced. The floors are sealed chipboard squares, walls white.

● **Result:** The old ground floor plan of separate rooms has been exchanged for a more flexible one suited to present-day informal living, without losing the formal character of the house.





Kit Evans runs his own practice and teaches part-time at the Royal College in the Interior Design Department. He also previously taught architecture at the Regent Street Polytechnic and has just returned from a six-month lecture stint at the University of California. He has designed a lot of his own furniture and says that the earliest furniture he really likes is the Thonet bentwood of the late 19th century, then in the '30s Breuer, Le Corbusier, Mies Van Der Rohe and Alvar Aalto produced wonderful chairs that were never quite mass-produced enough." On conversions he finds that you can modify but rarely fundamentally change the existing space. The real solution of the problem often lies in the way the architect incorporates (or even deliberately ignores) any interesting shapes or features. This can be particularly exciting in old buildings previously meant for some other use—such as stables, oast-houses or the building discussed here.

● **Problem:** Wing of 300-year-old building in Wiltshire to be converted into a self-contained studio. Originally an outbuilding to a large country house it had been used as a brewery and a laundry and there is no upper floor. A complex arrangement of brick tanks, flues and two huge timber trusses 16 ft. above the floor were the main features. No alterations to exterior could be made because building is of historical value.

● **Solution:** As the stone floor is damp in winter the main living area was raised 9 ft. on a gallery running the length of the room, 10 ft. wide, taking into account access to the only available flue (for log fire). A kitchen was built above the brick tank, over the bathroom (for plumbing reasons) and 4 ft. above living gallery. The sleeping area is even higher, on a deck spanning the timber trusses. Living and sleeping levels are linked by a white painted standard pre-cast concrete spiral stair enclosed in a brick tube. Stone walls white, gallery floors pine.

● **Result:** An exciting space (see above, left) which, though doubling the original floor area, retains the impact of the 28 ft. height.

by Lord Kilbracken

THE FALL RISE OF A GAMBLING HELL

I DON'T THINK IT CAN BE DISPUTED THAT CROCKFORD'S Club—of which, I must admit, I have now become a member—is incomparably the most successful of the several dozen gambling clubs that have sprung up like gilded mushrooms since the Betting & Gaming Act was passed in 1960 and altered the whole complexion of night life in London. Apart from its bridge and poker games, there are nearly always four chemmy tables going full blast most of the night (compared with one or two everywhere else) and the *salles* have always the crowded and busy tenseness of a good French casino. The *cuisine* is now excellent, there's an admirable bar, and drinks are on the house after midnight; so it's hardly surprising that *Let's go on to Crock's* has become the fashionable cry among the racy set as midnight approaches—when the thought of going straight home, after dinner party or theatre, becomes more and more distasteful. All this is reflected in the fact that shares in the company have risen no less than 7,000 per cent, from 10s. to £35, in the last four months.

I can't help wondering what that bumped-up fishmonger, Mr. William Crockford himself (1775-1844), would have thought about it all if he were alive today—or what he thinks about it, indeed, if his tortured ghost is allowed out occasionally on bail, to wander down from St. James's Street, where the club was located in *his* day, to its new home in Carlton House Terrace, and watch the proceedings from an unobtrusive corner. I think he would rejoice at this sudden spectacular return, after over a century of little-or-nothingness, to something approaching the scenes of his remarkable heyday, even though members are no longer systematically fleeced, as they were, by all accounts, in the 20 years of his reign.

I'd always imagined that Crockford's was a club of immense age and tradition, where bucks and beaux for unbroken centuries had gambled the nights (and their fortunes) away. Its true history, however, turns out to be quite different. In fact it ceased to exist, after no more than those two decades, in 1845, and was not resuscitated for 83 years. A harmless bridge club, with headquarters in Hertford Street, W.1, then appropriated his name (*anno* 1928). And his name must still have carried some of its old magic, for the club was able to move only four years later to its present grand building.

Crockford, universally known as "Crocky," started life with nothing at all except a fish shop in Fleet Street. He was awkward in manner, and crippled; he dressed carelessly and vulgarly even at the height of his fame, giving the appearance of "a country farmer—and poor at that." He never got within remote hailing distance of the King's English (nor, later, of the Queen's), and he pronounced his Vs and Ws in the manner of Sam Weller. Yet he was worth well over a million when he died—the equivalent, I suppose, of five or ten times that figure today. How on

earth, with all his handicaps was he able to do it?

He started off as a bookie (when his business as fishmonger permitted); or at least it was reported that he "attended all the race meetings"—without making clear his particular function there. In 1816, after a lucky day's racing, he was first able to enter the gaming-house business, when he bought for 100 sovereigns a quarter-share in a "hell," as such charming resorts were popularly known, at Number 5 King Street. He made so much out of it that he found he was able, only eight years later, to set up on his own. It was now that the vital truth struck him which was to lead to his fortune: there was no gaming-house in London at which a gentleman of rank or fortune would care to be seen dead, let alone alive. He forthwith determined to remedy the deficiency.

He moved round the corner into fashionable St. James's Street, where he began by buying Number 50, the present site of the Devonshire Club; he furnished it in the most lavish style and employed a famous French *chef*, M. Ude, at £1,200 a year (what would that be today?). He offered the best wines and food for next to nothing and—most important—took every possible precaution to exclude trouble-makers and cheque-bouncers. At once, the whole of fashionable society came flocking. He bought the three adjoining houses, one after the other; and pulled them all down in 1827 to construct in their place one enormous "gambling palace." Crockford's was well and truly under way.

Its typical clientele may be partly judged from the fact that Crockford undertook to put down a bank of £5,000 a night, and to continue play until it had been lost if any member so desired, *so long as Parliament was sitting*. Peers and M.P.s formed the hard core of membership; Disraeli, for example, was a regular. And yet it was Parliament which brought about its demise. The Committee which reported on gaming in 1844 made it legal for the police to enter any club on the complaint of two householders. Crocky knew at once that his club's days were numbered. Not only his club's; exactly five days after the report was published, on 26 May, which happened to be Oaks Day, he himself expired.

The club lingered on, greatly diminished, till the following year. Crocky had 14 children, but had been able to send most of the boys to Oxford or Cambridge, and at least one to Harrow, and none fancied the prospect, it seems, of following in father's footsteps. When his name was at last revived in 1928, his disdainful spectre must have felt that the little bridge club was something of a come-down, but now, I rather fancy, he will be chuckling happily.

"Werry, werry good, my Luds and gen'lemen," I believe he may be murmuring amid the cries of *banco*. "Vy—with time an' happlication, Mr. 'Olland, zur, you *may* do as well as I did!"

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Inscriptions lifted from a pyramid tomb or ceremonial frieze, symbols from Syrian stone, provoke the line in summertime fabrics.

And along with the sun-drenched Eastern look goes a blaze of tropical flower and butterfly prints in brilliant hibiscus and flame

Symbols: Dale Maxey

Fabrics: Elizabeth Dickson

EASTERN APPROACHES

Instead of the last straw on this camel's back there's a handsome load of tweed in a burnt straw hue that's the last word in summer colouring.

It is 54 in. wide and costs 72s. 6d. a yd. from

Dumas & Maury. The camel itself has a dandy suiting in brilliant butterfly print, a riot of red, brown and green on dark background by Boussac.

Price about 18s. 11d. a yd. in 100% pure cotton from Selfridges and Cavendish House, Cheltenham. Hump and elegant neckline are of loosely woven lightweight tweed in pretty country colouring—a weave of white with beige.

Dormeul tweed at Woollands, 30s. 11d. a yd. and 54 in. wide

BACKGROUNDING EGYPT, the fabric story is a horizontal stripe in saffron, black and sand with a satin finish on some of the stripe. By Boussac at Dickins & Jones, Beatties, Wolverhampton, price 16s. 11d. a yd. Alongside: avocado green and purple columbine print on lilac background. An organza, 54s. a yd. from Liberty

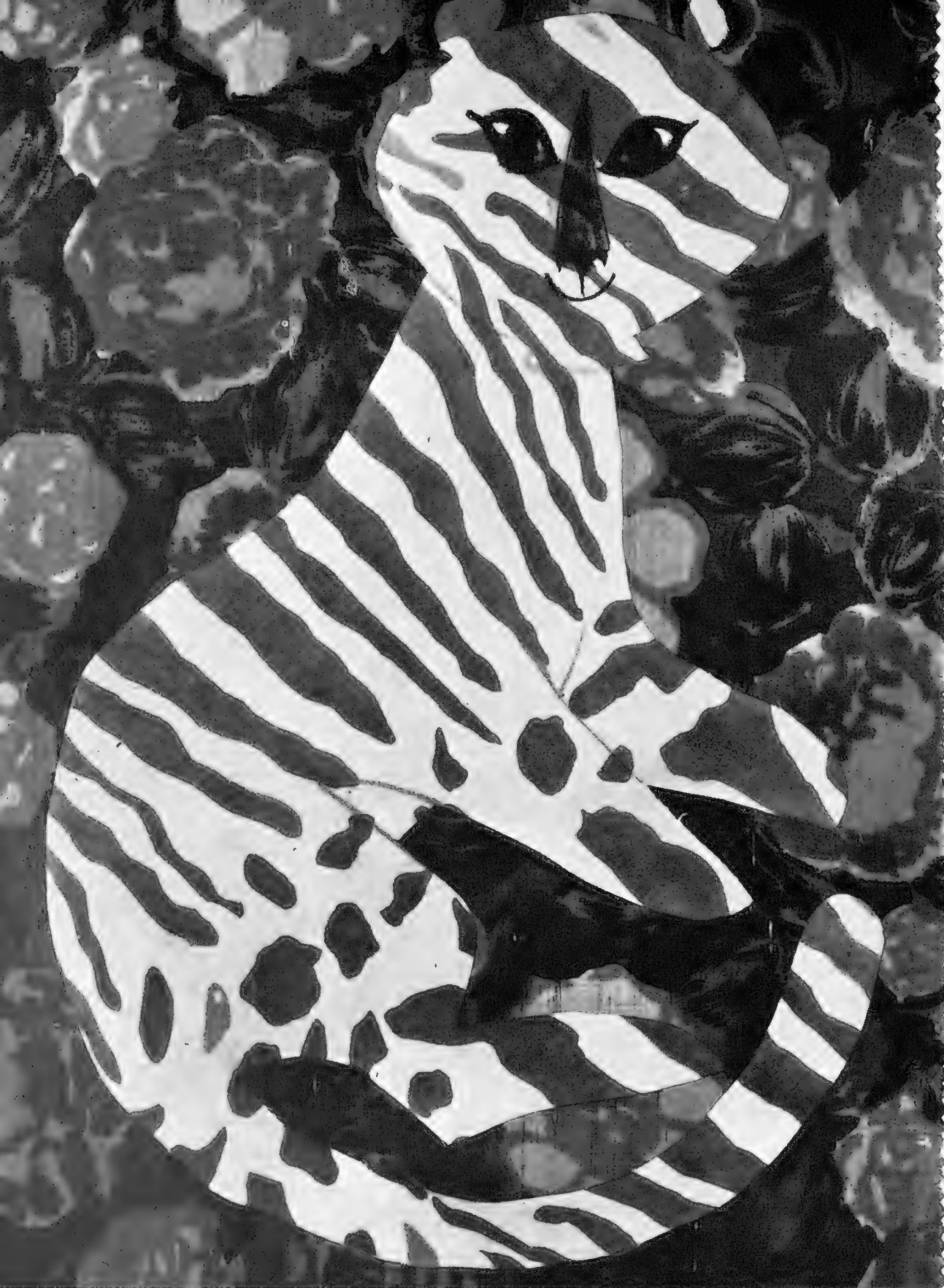




A pink elephant would make a glamorous trophy to take home from any safari, especially wearing a coat of pink and plum-coloured gossamer wing organza, 45s. a yd. From Liberty's Couture Fabrics Department. Jumbo hide in Stevenson's pink 100% linen, strewn with flowers and leaves: 29s. 6d. a yd. from Matthias Robinson, Leeds. Sparkle-studded turban has a centrepiece of pure Liberty silk in brilliant purple and red print with a dash of turquoise; 69s. 6d. a yd.

BACKGROUNDING INDIA, the fabric story is a lavish fruit print in murky greens, grey and brown highlighted with yellow. Jacquar's pure cotton, 49s. 6d. a yd., 36 in. wide. Alongside: Abraham's pure silk tropical flowers in clementine, pure yellow and scarlet on a pink background; £3 a yd. from Allans, Duke Street, W.1

India



There's a smile on the face of the tiger who swaps winter fur for a chic summer coat of mustard and white striped pure silk price: 69s. 6d. Jungle background formed by silk smudgy blue flowers on mustard and khaki costs the same. Both fabrics from Liberty's Couture Department

BACKGROUNDING
PERSIA, the fabric story is Boussac's tropical butterfly printed pure cotton in sunset colours on brown. About 18s. 11d. a yd. from Selfridges and Cavendish House, Cheltenham

PERSIA



Oriental dragon luxuriously encased in a new summer skin of grey and white Paisley printed silk, 69s. 6d. a yd. To set off the serpent at its most fierce and fiery, a geometrically printed pure silk in browns, saffron and scarlet with a dash of vivid turquoise. Same price as the Paisley and both from Liberty. Last twist in the dragon's tail is a Christian Dior spidery silk in delicious rainwashed greys on white. An Ascher material from the Cadogan Postal Service, St. Alban's Mews, London, W.1, priced at 52s. 6d. a yd. 36 in. wide

BACKGROUNDING
CHINA is a square of Boussac's earthy brown cotton, woven with flecks of sand and chalk white. Also in many other shades, the price 9s. 11d. a yd. from Liberty and Cavendish House, Cheltenham

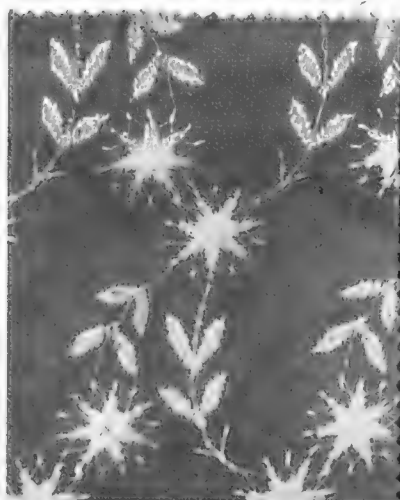


China



Any cat can look at a king when its coat is made of flowery organza and its cream-bowl comes in organza to match. Palest hyacinth blue & brown flowers trail and spiral over a delicate orange background—detail from the print seen as the cat's cream-bowl. Liberty organza, price 45s. a yd.; 36 in. wide

BACKGROUNDING SIAM, the fabric story is another Liberty pure silk, price 69s. 6d. a yd.; 36 in. wide. Impressionist flower print in sapphire, royal blue and khaki. Alongside: Stevenson's baby blue linen Moygashel stitched with white tendrils and star blossoms; 29s. 6d. a yd. From Matthias Robinson, Leeds



Siam



Plump-looking fish from a sunlit ocean make a dashing aquarium of colours. Half-hidden fish at the top has scales of grey and white shadow print linen. By Stevenson 7s. 11d. a yd. at Dickins & Jones and Rackhams, Birmingham. Geometric print fish, next on the list from the top by Jacqmar, price 99s. 6d. a yd.—the fabric is a fine silk surah and can be seen in colour on the cover. Elegant town print in grey and white silk for the next fish, 69s. 6d. from Liberty's Couture room. Abraham's flower fish and Liberty's noughts and crosses fish at the bottom of the list can both be seen in colour on the cover. The Liberty silk, 69s. 6d. a yd. and Abraham silk 60s. a yd. from Allans of Duke Street, W.1.

BACKGROUNDING

JAPAN, the fabric story is the same sunlit flower organza as the material for the cat. From Liberty



TRACK STOPPING ETCETERAS . . .



SPRING ZING
Basic little white suit in wool with swing skirt, small buttoning and long jacket with patch pockets. With it a jet chiffon blouse and leather Sam Browne belt. Suit by Sancti Clair at Liberty, Bentalls of Kingston: 28½ gns.
The extra-big black calf handbag with elegant gilt padlock and leather key tag from Hermès, 55 gns.
Oatmeal hogskin gloves with stitching; Morley, 56s.



FOUND BY ELIZABETH DICKSON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARRY WARNER



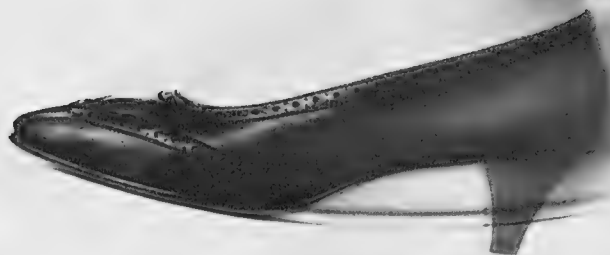
SPRING ZING Change-about accessories (*above*) with same basic white wool suit. Pair of large false buttons on a sherry pigskin purse with envelope flap, Carita, 12 gns. String-back gloves with leather palms, Morley, 28s. 6d. *Left:* Enormously chic transportation for all the handbag clutter, a tan pigskin purse with girt fastening, Hermès, £72. Adding a dash of worldly styling, large black silk square with face in the middle printed in dashing Picasso colours. Design by Robert Stewart at Liberty, 70s. Gold-plated rose clip, 2½ gns. at Paris House.

...AND FEET THAT GET WALKABOUT



SPRING ZING
Button strap pump
(left) in mellow red
wine leather with
rounded blunt toe and
stacked heel.

£5 19s. 6d. *Below left:*
The rustic walking
shoe, here as a flattering
court shape with the
classic country marks of
stacked heel, rounded toe
and punching on the
vamp. In mid-brown,
£8 18s. 6d. Both from the
Bally Boutique, King's
Road, and seamfree Shell
Blush stockings by Ballito,
price 6s. 11d.



YES?

ERDIGITS

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

Play With A Tiger. Comedy Theatre. (Siobhan McKenna, Alex Viespi.)

The stability seekers

MRS. DORIS LESSING IS A NOVELIST-DRAMATIST WHO GAVE ME THE impression in *Each His Own Wilderness* that she might one day set the theatrical bells ringing a memorable chime. I don't think she comes anywhere near realizing this possibly wild hope in her new piece, *Play With A Tiger* at the Comedy. She has yet to learn to organize her narrative so that events come out in an order that makes for true dramatic tension. But this account of a woman trying desperately to come to terms with Don Juanism among the bed-sitters of Earl's Court is qualities of sincerity and of insight into human nature which are sufficient to keep alive my hopes for Mrs. Lessing as a dramatist. As for the play's material prospects, well, the woman is played by Miss Siobhan McKenna, and the personal magnetism of this Irish actress is often able to create tension in places where the dialogue has let it run dangerously slack.

Mrs. Lessing's theme is a variation on that of her earlier play. In a morally anarchistic age people still young enough to have a future want stability more than anything else. They may not be conscious of this want, and if they are they have no clear idea as to how they may satisfy it. The heroine—a free-lance journalist whose casual way of life is suggested by a bed-sitting room which has a bed but no chairs—has never admitted that the game of life is all the more exciting if it is played to rules. She has an affair when she feels like having an affair and when she is tired of it there is surely no more to be said. A friendly flirting kiss, and that is that. And yet how to keep interested in a game that has no rules and comes to no more, when all is said and done, than an aimless kicking about?

When the play begins she is rather peremptorily getting rid of a solid chap who has not tumbled to it that the game has no rules. He was hoping in his dull way that they would get respectably married. She roughly disabuses him of the ridiculous idea. Her mind is preoccupied. An American philanderer who obsesses her has not shown up for a few weeks, and she is desperately unhappy. The solid fellow disappears. He has served his purpose, and Mrs. Lessing has no more use for him. Her way of excluding her minor characters from any real share in the main action is one of her fundamental mistakes. It is a consequence of this mistake that her main action becomes a night-long duologue between two people as to where and why their personal relationship can never have any chance of working satisfactorily. For the American philanderer turns up intent on re-possessing her, but she is in a reluctant mood. A nice, trim, anxious little college girl from Philadelphia has turned up to explain that she has been made pregnant by Don Juan. Miss McKenna's Anna is not much moved by the adolescent's plight. Nor can we be, for the girl from Philadelphia having made her point that something of the man belongs to the woman who indefeasibly bears his child, is dismissed from the action. But the incident plays its part in revealing to Anna that a man she longs irrationally to call her

own has a fixed attitude to women which will not allow him to be tied to any one of them.

The most amusing part of this night-long duologue is Don Juan's story, told with humorous relish, of his turning the tables on a psychoanalyst whose professional calm had been momentarily ruffled by the number of affairs of which his young patient could boast. But the essence of the prolonged scene is the growing desolation of the woman brought to realize that life after all has rules which, whether acknowledged or not, are there to be broken. One of them is that a woman must not let herself fall in love seriously with a Don Juan. Miss McKenna forces us to believe in the suffering of Anna. There is nothing she can do except send her lover off to the Philadelphia girl. She has not much hope that her sacrifice will benefit the girl for whom it is made, but that she has the strength of will to make it is for her a kind of success in life. It is also a kind of success in drama. Anna is a character we have learned more and more about as her crisis has developed.

Miss Maureen Pryor, as a woman who has cheerfully accepted defeat, and Mr. Godfrey Quigley, as a self-pitying second-rate Don Juan stayed on a forgivingly sympathetic wife, serve as awful warnings who do not help the play much; and the real Don Juan is skilfully represented by Mr. Alex Viespi.

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

It's Trad, Dad! Director Dick Lester. (Helen Shapiro, Craig Douglas, Otilie Patterson, Acker Bilk).

Woman In The Window. Director Luciano Emmer. (Marina Vlady, Lino Ventura, Magali Noel, Bernard Fresson).

Helen launches 1,000 decibels

WITHOUT A PRELIMINARY TOUGHENING-UP COURSE—SAY 10 WEEKS on the pneumatic drill or two in the company of 20 transistored teenagers—you may find *It's Trad, Dad!* a little hard on the ears, dears. This raucous film, in which Miss Helen Shapiro, the 15-year-old prima donna of "pop", makes her screen debut, is proudly described by its promoters as "the hottest musical ever seen in this country": it is certainly the loudest ever heard. I tottered away from it half-stunned, holding my throbbing head and moaning pathetically "It's the noise, boys!" (Note to the Editor: I deserve danger-money, honey.)

The film is specifically designed for the young and will doubtless afford them endless joy as their hip contemporaries are seen to score splendidly off stuffy old squares like me. Miss Shapiro and her beamish boy friend, Mr. Craig Douglas (also, I gather, a top "pop" personality) are wont to forgather with their little chums in a suburban-coffee-shop where the TV set, going full blast, competes for their attention with a jolly juke-box, playing non-stop. The local mayor (Mr. Felix Felton), dropping in for a quiet capucino, is appalled by the type of music the kids are lapping up and resolves to save the community from the menace of "creeping jazzism." His first step is to serve a writ on the coffee-shop's proprietor (Mr. Timothy Bateson), prohibiting him from providing music for the public's entertainment without a licence. I suppose if Mr. Bateson had, as would seem sensible, applied for and obtained one, there would have been no film (and that, I may say, would have been all right by me). As things stand, it is left to Miss Shapiro and Mr. Douglas to show how enterprising youth can be.

They are convinced that if they could organize a really smashing, whacking great local "trad jazz" show, they could win over public opinion to their side and shame the mayor into a more tolerant attitude—so, displaying a quite colossal nerve, they invade the TV studios in an attempt to enlist the support of some famous disc jockey. This gives the film's high-spirited and prankish director, Mr. Dick Lester, a chance to trot out all the musical attractions he has assembled. You never saw so many golden eggs in one basket. There's the Alan Freeman Show, for



JOHN LAUNDIS

a start. Then the natty Brook Brothers perform, the Carnation Quartet and Bob Wallis's Storyville Jazzmen blaze away and the Temperance Seven win all hearts (even mine) with their antic humour. I wasn't crazy about Mr. Garry U. S. Bonds, though doubtless many are; I couldn't take the young negro singer who wailed and writhed as if old Simon Legree were laying into him with a cat-o'-nine-tails, I am bored with Mr. Chubby Checker, "King of the Twist"—but I have to confess I found Mr. Acker Bilk and his eminently relaxed band rather endearing.

Through the good offices of Mr. Pete Murray, Miss Shapiro and her beau are able to stage a first-class show outside the Town Hall. The street is packed with enthusiastic crowds, all madly applauding the ear-splitting performances of Mr. Terry Lightfoot and His Band and Messrs. Kenny Ball and Chris Barber and *theirs*—and drooling over a few dreary "pop" numbers rendered by the wonderfully self-assured Miss Shapiro and the permanently smiling Mr. Douglas. The mayor, I need hardly tell you, sees the light and, if I am not mistaken (I was practically deaf by this time), is heard to say that "trad jazz" is good for one on account of it's so dignified. It does not strike me in quite that way, but at least it does not offend me—I will listen any time to *Beale Street Blues* or *When the Saints Come Marching In*. What I object to are the drivelling "pop" numbers to which the teenagers are so depressingly addicted. *Let's Talk About Love* sings Miss Shapiro, in her not unpleasant, gravelly voice—and then goes on to tell us how her life has been ruined because the boy she thought was smiling at her was in fact smiling at somebody else.

For heaven's sake—have they love on the brain, all these silly little things? I could hiss, Sis. Next thing you know, children with normal children's interests will be regarding themselves as oddities. I can just hear a teenage boy singing: "I don't dig jazz and I don't dig sex, Or black-stockinged girls with dark-grey necks: There must be something wrong with me—I only want to pass my G.C.E."—and a couple of bewildered female tots mournfully chiming in: "We don't go out with boys, we'd rather read a book, We don't want to marry 'til we know how to cook: There must be something wrong with us—We just want to pass our Eleven Plus." A pretty state of affairs, I must say.

I was more than a little surprised to learn, from *Woman In The Window*, that Amsterdam has a flourishing red light district—a spotless modern street where children play among the feet of the gentlemen strolling along to choose from the prostitutes on show, like any other saleable commodity in a shop-window, something to suit their individual tastes. The choice made, the man enters the room and can be seen haggling about the price. (I recall "In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch, is giving too little and asking too much.") As soon as the price is agreed, the curtains are discreetly drawn—and that's that. Patrolling cops pay no attention to the sordid business—so presumably it's perfectly legal. Well, well! Who'd have thought it of the respectable Dutch? (And I wonder why the Common Market suddenly comes to mind?)

While working as a miner in Holland, a young Italian (Signor Lino Ventura) is trapped, along with half-a-dozen others, when the shoring of the pit collapses. His best friend (M. Bernard Fresson) keeps his spirits up by talking about girls and the good times they will have with the tarts when they're rescued. It is three days before they are freed—and Signor Ventura is then for going straight home to Italy. M. Fresson insists that he must first sample the delights of the red light district. Their adventures with the two astonishingly temperamental tarts (Miles. Marina Vlady and Magali Noel) whom they hire for the weekend are presumably the reason why the film carries an "X" certificate—but they're scarcely exciting.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51

Robert Morley in India. *The English actor talks to co-star Jose Ferrer in a New Delhi street during time off from filming Nine Hours To Rama, story of the last hours of Gandhi's life. Mr. Morley plays an Indian politician seeking Gandhi's favours, and Mr. Ferrer a superintendent of police devoted to the sage*

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VERDICTS *continued*

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

The Butterfly Chase, by Denise & Alain Trez. (Faber, 12s. 6d.)
Land To The West, by Geoffrey Ashe. (Collins, 28s.)
The Small Room, by Mary Sarton. (Gollancz, 18s.)
How Much Is That In Dollars?, by Art Buchwald. (Heinemann, 15s.)
The Cry Of A Bird, by Dorothy Yglesias. (Kimber, 25s.)
Reflections Of A Jacobite, by Louis Auchincloss. (Gollancz, 16s.)

Good for grand-père

NONE OF MY BOOKS THIS WEEK MAKES ME LONG TO DEVOTE MY ENTIRE allotted space to it, so I shall be brief about all of them and start with a very jolly number for children called **The Butterfly Chase**, by Denise & Alain Trez. This is an exciting, dashing illustrated tale about Freddy and his grand-père—the entire story is vivaciously Gallic, to the extent that Grand-père, who is an intellectual, wears the green uniform of an Academician throughout and at the end lets loose a red, white & blue butterfly in the Academy itself. The narrative is simple, the look of the book ebullient and cheering in the extreme, and if anyone thinks it frivolous to open a column with a book for the sixes & under, they are probably right. **Land To The West**, by Geoffrey Ashe, is a treasure-hunt book, the investigation concerned with the possibility of St. Brendan's having discovered America in the sixth century. I enjoy Mr. Ashe's excursions, which have hitherto been concerned with Arthurian fact and literature, though I find his style has to be watched like a hawk or he drifts is lost for ever ("First, when all anthropological allowances have been made, the earthly Quetzlcoat's veto on human sacrifice continues to jar"—this is the sort of sentence on which one is constantly rubbing the toe in Mr. Ashe, who makes small concession to the simpler problems of communication).

An old-fashioned, curiously intense and earnest American novel about teachers and pupils in an American college for women, **The Small Room**, by Mary Sarton, is full of enormous questions about how much would the teacher be involved, and should anyone split on brilliant one, the don's favourite, when it turns out that she has lifted an essay on the Iliad from a piece by Simone Weil. The prose is rather ladies'-magaziney ("I'm sorry," the cool voice spoke without a tremor. "I'm afraid I'm in the dark.") And again, "It's faith or Freud then?" Lucy saw why Carryl Cope had been delighted with this mind. Even drunk, when desperate, the shining intelligence was there." Maybe everything lines that much easier in American colleges). At one point somebody actually says, "We are all mad-mad-mad," and the jacket, nodding wisely, comments that this too has a universal application. I'd be the first to deny it.

How Much Is That In Dollars? is a further collection of the funny articles of Art Buchwald, and though on principle I am dead against writers collecting their funny articles and condemning them to perpetual death within hard covers, I am immensely for it in the case of Mr. Buchwald, on behalf of people like myself who would otherwise miss his *oeuvre*, as it must surely be called. Mr. Buchwald writes, wildly, but one is sure with a cold eye for basic truth, about his life, the people he meets, and the international scene. There are articles about Italians pinching Elizabeth Taylor with Mr. Buchwald acting as goalkeeper, and about Peter Ustinov remembering desperately how he was shamed at prep school by having a father who refused to sprint, a mother who sprinted poorly, and no chauffeur to sprint at all. I like Mr. B. fine.

Written with a sort of innocent verve, **The Cry Of A Bird** is by Dorothy Yglesias who with her sister runs a hospital for wild birds at Mousehole. The sisters are accustomed to challenges such as the wild jackdaw with a bad cough and infections under each eye, which needed dressing night and morning for 18 months. The diary of a fulmar petrel's behaviour includes such entries as "He spits at me (a yellow fluid) for second time. . . . Still eating sprats with great appetite and spitting yellow fluid which, since sprat diet, smells just like sardine oil—before, it had a sickly-sweet smell, a bit like a flower." Speaking on behalf of all

those who are scared to death by the mere idea of a bird in the room, I admire this bold, controlled, scientific stuff no end. . . . **Reflections Of A Jacobite**, by Louis Auchincloss, is a book of charming, easy and altogether delightful literary essays on the novel by a novelist whose work I have hitherto not greatly admired.

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

Jazz At The Savoy, by Fred Elizalde
London Jazz Scene—the 30's, by Ambrose and Lew Stone
Big Band Percussion, by Ted Heath
In My Condition, by Shake Keane
Nursery Blues, by the Shake Keane Fivetet
Jazz Reunion, by Pee Wee Russell & Coleman Hawkins

Old & new sounds in London

NOSTALGIA IS THE KEYNOTE OF TWO ACE OF CLUBS ALBUMS THAT RECALL the prewar heydays of night life in London. The first is **Jazz at the Savoy** (ACL1102), featuring Fred Elizalde and his piano, as well as the bands he brought to London in 1927/28. The presence of American musicians such as the Rollini brothers, Chelsea Quealey, and Bobby Davis ensured that the jazz content would make a lasting impression on our own players. The second is **London Jazz Scene—The 30's** (ACL1103), and it features the music of Ambrose and Lew Stone, who were two of the top bands of the period. This is more in the style of dance music with jazz influence; of the two groups I prefer the more compact performances by Lew Stone, some of which feature Nat Gonella's trumpet playing at the start of his career.

Back to the present day, and to Ted Heath, who graduated from the trombone section of Bert Ambrose's band to his present position as one of our top-ranking band leaders. His **Big Band Percussion** (PFS 34004) has been chosen to launch Decca's "Phase 4 stereo" series, which embraces still more advanced recording techniques, giving added depth and movement to some high powered arrangements. As an example of what phase 4 can offer, the release of **Mood Indigo** is played as a duet by vibraphone and marimba, which are tonally almost indistinguishable under conventional recording methods. Here they can be heard clearly in their individual roles.

An exciting newcomer to London's recording studios is trumpeter Shake Keane, who came from the West Indies some 10 years ago. In **My Condition** (SEG8140) is an EP of imagination and surprise, the title piece seemingly derived from the elation that exists between Shake and altoist Joe Harriott. Their musical compatability is a joy to hear, and I foresee much progress being made in the modern small group idiom while their partnership lasts. Keane's fivetet also make merry with the rhythms in a delightful original, **Nursery Blues** (7N35034).

To herald a new label, albeit an imported one, with an album as outstanding as **Jazz Reunion** (8020) is a notable achievement. I congratulate Candid Records on their choice of a first release in England, because this session reunites Pee Wee Russell and Coleman Hawkins in the studio after a gap of 32 years! The Mound City Blue Blowers recorded *If I could be with you one hour* with Pee Wee and Hawk soloing so brilliantly that this vintage record became a classic of the golden era. Appropriately they open their 1961 session with the same tune. Subsequently Pee Wee entangled himself with the Dixieland crowd, playing consistently well with Condon's groups, but never broadening his talent to the point where he received full recognition as one of the great "communicating" jazzmen of the day. On this session, which—if it has to have a tag—is essentially mainstream, there is one track, **Mariooch**, where Russell plays with such poignant expression that it will rank in my mind as one of the finest clarinet solos ever played. Nor has he neglected his supporters; Emmett Berry's warm toned trumpet vies with Bob Brookmeyer's lyrical and talkative trombone to match the two leaders' prowess as soloists. These are the timeless voices of jazz, disproving the theory that you have to be young to play it well.

"VERDICTS" CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



DAVID SIM

BARNET SAIDMAN

Frantic drummer is actor Trevor Howard, who appears in John Mortimer's latest play *Two Stars for Comfort*, opening at the Garrick tonight. He plays Sam Turner, a solicitor who throws over law to enjoy unrestricted freedom. The setting is a houseboat; regatta night is the climax. Esmond Knight and Patricia Healey have leading roles with Mr. Howard. Michael Elliott directs



Careful handler is Peter Wilson, head of Sothebys, unpacking the last item to arrive for the big sale of Somerset Maugham's pictures (next week). The painting is by Gauguin, done on the glass door of his own hut in Tahiti. Mr. Maugham discovered it when touring the island for material for his novel *The Moon and Sixpence* based on the painter. He paid 200 francs for it. Experts suggest it will fetch £25,000 in the sale

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

Religious Themes in Painting. Wildenstein's

The painters of faith

IT IS NOT EVERY DAY THAT YOU GET THE CHANCE TO DO YOURSELF A good turn and at the same time help a good cause. But here it is, for the proceeds of this fine exhibition of Old and not-so-old Masters are to be given to the National Trust and used for the conservation of the pictures in its possession. In these days when, to paraphrase Wilde, everyone is interested in the price of everything and the value of nothing, the fact that Wildenstein's can mount such an exhibition entirely from stock has inevitably aroused comment upon the tremendous wealth in the hands of the world's big art dealers. (And, conditioned as we are by the popular press, it is now impossible to go to such a show as this and stand in front of, for instance, Hugo van der Goes' moving *Deposition* and Fragonard's beautiful *Adoration of the Shepherds* without recalling that recently a small drawing by the former artist sold for £30,000 and a painting, *La Liseuse*, by the latter for £312,000). Unfortunately it has not been possible to arrange the 49 paintings, dating from the first half of the 14th century to the first half of the 19th, in chronological order. All the same, for the diligent there is still an unusual opportunity for a fascinating study of the effect of the decline or changing nature of faith upon religious art in those 500 years.

It is impossible here to comment upon all the pictures, but if we look closely at the following—any one of the seven Italian Primitives of the 14th century Florentine and Siennese Schools, the Van der Goes *Deposition* and Cranach's *Mocking of Christ*, Jacopo Bassano's *Jacob & Esau*, the Fragonard *Adoration*, Goya's *Annunciation* sketch, Ingres's *Martyrdom of St. Symphorian* and, finally, Corot's studies for his *Baptism of Christ*, we can see how the devotional quality, directly and simply expressed, has given way successively to various forms of realism, romanticism, pseudo-classicism and to preoccupation with such things as anatomical form and effects of light. I think it would not be too sweeping to say that great religious art ended somewhere around 1400 and that what came after was great painting of religious subjects, which is not the same thing. In the world of today, where materialism has almost completely ousted faith, religious art exists only in an utterly debased form. But we may hope that in the new Coventry Cathedral we shall see great works of art based on religious themes.

As I write this, big guns are going into action to save the Royal Academy's Leonardo from the auction room (and, incidentally, to do Sotheby's out of about £100,000 commission), so the least I can do, since the Academy's financial position is obviously pretty desperate, is to urge you to go and see its current Diploma Gallery exhibition of the Girtin Collection. Having admired the superb water-colours of such artists as Cotman, A. & J. R. Cozens, de Wint and, of course, Thomas Girtin, you will then find it very edifying to cross the road to the Royal Institute Galleries. There, at the 150th exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, you may lament the sorry state of this field of painting today.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Cans & canetons

I HAVE TAKEN A LONG TIME TO RECONCILE MYSELF TO "CONVENIENCE" foods—mainly, I suppose, because I like cooking so much. However, they are here, and more and more of them are being sold each year. "Convenience" foods may be something in a can or frozen in a packet, or cooked meats to be found at delicatessen shops or the delicatessen counter of your favourite shop. These last have become quite magnificent. As the luxurious "cold table" of the high-class restaurant languishes—in many cases, disappears—the food manufacturer steps in to supply the restaurateur and the stores (and, therefore, the general public) with a wonderful selection of "cold table" specialities such as were found, outside restaurants, only in the homes of the wealthy of the Victorian and Edwardian periods where an experienced kitchen staff was headed by a top-flight chef.

At one breathtaking display of Belgian specialties, I saw 5- to 7-lb. boned young duckling stuffed with *pâté* and truffles and flavoured with orange liqueur—a presentation of *Caneton à l'Orange* that would take most good cooks all day to prepare. There were also 9- to 12-lb. boned turkeys, stuffed with chestnuts and truffles. There was even boned sucking pig, the meat made into a *pâté* with truffles and pistachio nuts, returned to the skin and re-shaped. Weight, 10 to 12 lb. Any of these, whole, would be wonderful for a buffet party, but for those who do not wish to run to the expense of having a whole bird or piglet, portions should be available in the stores and some delicatessen shops.

I could not begin to remember the dozens of *pâtés* in cans, ready to be served. Folk who enjoy *Choucroûte Garnie Alsacienne* will find a very fine quality of it in cans. Another find was Viennese sausages, made of veal, to be served with cooked red cabbage. This is a splendid dish which I remember seeing being prepared for the staff in the Dorchester. Lucky staff! Home-made ravioli is not possible for those who live very full and busy lives. Next best, is to buy them from an Italian grocer who has daily deliveries. Or failing this, I believe that ravioli in cans, from Switzerland, is very good indeed. Another inexpensive "convenience" food is a carton of spaghetti (12 oz.) to be cooked and a 7½-oz. can of Bolognese sauce to be heated through. Both come in the one container.

For some time, I have wanted to refer to packaged soufflé mixtures, obtainable from most better-class grocers and a worthwhile way for a young cook to introduce herself to the gentle art of soufflé making. Soon she will want to make her own, savoury and sweet, "from scratch." One of the most exciting I have ever made is a complete surprise for guests. Start with a mild cheese soufflé mixture. Place a layer of it in a buttered soufflé dish. Poach an egg for each person, just enough to hold its shape, no more. Arrange the eggs equidistantly on this and, if you wish, follow the practice of one of London's leading restaurants and garnish each egg with a cooked claw of lobster (or *scampi* would do almost as well). Cover with the remaining soufflé mixture. Stand the dish on a baking sheet which has been getting hot in the oven. Let it be just below the centre. The heat from the baking sheet and the position in the oven will raise the soufflé. Give it 25 to 30 minutes at 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 6. Another way to achieve this heat "boost" is to place the dish on a well heated asbestos mat on top of the cooker for a few minutes before transferring it to the oven.

M. Malet, whom I always regard as one of the most knowledgeable of the chefs of the old school, always did this before baking the soufflé. He ran his thumb around the top, about half an inch inside the rim to encourage the soufflé to rise straight up—and it always did.

In a dish like this, I think that there should be identifying spots to prevent the cutting through of the eggs when serving the soufflé. Why not a tiny sprig of parsley above each egg?

For many years, our family specialized in Mexican-type dishes but, because they required so much preparation and time, they gradually disappeared from my repertoire. But now the brown beans which take such a long time to cook for dishes such as *Chili Con Carne* are obtainable, already cooked, in cans. And, finally, as far as delicatessen is concerned, if you like to serve Chinese dishes but always "miss out" on the rice, you can buy ready-to-serve rice, done exactly in the Chinese way. Just heat it through in water, and in a matter of moments, it is ready for the table. I can assure you that each grain is separate, with that slightly curved look that well-cooked Chinese rice always seems to have. It could be fried very well, too, and could be turned into a pilaff.



Bargain buy for an impulse shopper is the dotty black on white mob cap (*above*)—it goes with a matching cape. It's waterproofed inside to keep a hairstyle out of the way while making up, safe from destructive moisture in the bath. 16s. 9d. from Woollands

Pearly grey velvet Easter egg (*left*)—a present to give yourself—is tied round with yellow ribbon. Surprise inside: Guerlain's L'Heure Bleu or Mitsouko scents in three sizes for 36s., £3 or £4 10s. at Harrods; Fortnum & Mason



Spray to scent a room with woody scents comes in a choice of Cythère and Cypres (*shown left*) which are also deodorant. Called Atomiseur d'Ambiance, the Rigaud spray costs £3 7s. 6d. in a silvery sheath, £2 for refill. Galeries Lafayette

Two bows (*right*) for spring. The first in white peter-sham comes from the Boutique at Antoine where bridal head-dresses are designed to go with veil and hairdo. Bow on headband, 22s. 6d. Second in black patent costs 12s. 6d. at the Belt Boutique, S.W.1



MOTORING

*Dudley Noble**In come the smoothies*

THE SHAPE OF CARS TO COME IS GRADUALLY BEING REVEALED AS NEW models are announced. Flatter smoother surfaces, easy to wash and polish, are the latest fashion. The five-minute while-you-wait car washes are the modern motorist's best means of keeping bodywork presentable, but laborious hand work is still needed to clean out the nooks and crannies of body design. The trend is to eliminate these altogether; that is what Continental designers are doing and no doubt similar practice will be followed in the new British models.

A car that has built up a tremendous reputation is the Mercedes-Benz, joint product of the two oldest motor manufacturing firms in the world. Largest model in the range is the 300 SE, of which there is a new coupé and a convertible. Both are touring models, yet retain much of the feeling of the sports model on which they are based. Six distinct technical features are combined for the first time in them: they include fuel injectors; pneumatic suspension; Dunlop disc brakes all round, servo assisted; automatic four-speed transmission; power steering and an automatic lock to the differential. Not all are out-&-out novelties, probably the nearest to that is the system of springing by air. Daimler-Benz has evolved its own method, and it gives both soft riding and good road-holding, also maintains an even road clearance and isolates wheel noise. The differential lock, too, is most interesting; developed from racing practice it prevents useless spinning on the part of either driving wheel if it happens to be resting on slippery ground.

Recently I have been trying out a new British-designed automatic transmission that seems to have a number of specially good points. One is that it suits even small cars, down to about one litre engine capacity—like the Ford Anglia. Another is that it has four gear ratios, and a further one is that it wastes no power. If the driver insists on changing gear himself he can do so, without having to worry about a clutch pedal. On the other hand, if he lets the lever stay in top gear position the appropriate ratio will be selected by a robot mechanism which operates by a combination of engine speed and throttle opening. Whenever the car stops, bottom gear will be automatically engaged

ready for the restart and will be replaced by 2nd, 3rd and top as road speed increases. On a steep hill the process will be reversed, or the engine can be used as a brake by moving the gear lever just as one would do with a manually operated box. More than 10 years have been spent in perfecting this Hobbs Mecha-Matic transmission, which has now been taken up for quantity production by the Westinghouse Co. It is expected as an extra on certain new models at a very reasonable price.

The motor industry is making an increasing use of fibreglass, especially in the field of racing and sports cars. It is, however, a material that can be damaged by impact and may either crack or splinter. Repair difficulties have hitherto been great, and many users have believed it impossible to do anything but fit a new part. I am told that a firm has now been formed to specialize in all kinds of fibreglass repairs and that a collection and delivery service is in operation. Component parts can also be fabricated to order by this firm—Fibrepare, of 21a Lancaster Mews, London, W.1.

Holiday planning can be made easier with the new Dunlop road maps. An entirely new series has just been produced covering the most popular touring grounds in Europe. They are grouped into five separate sheets which between them run from the lower part of Norway and Sweden to the southern tip of Spain and Italy, at a scale of 32 miles per inch. Each sheet is priced at 3s. 6d. Dunlop maps also cover England, Wales and the lower portion of Scotland at 5 miles to the inch, price 5s. each for five sheets, while the London map, which now takes in Windsor on the extreme west of it, costs 4s. and is one inch to the mile. Good features of these maps are the stiff paper on which they are printed and the washable glossy covers; they can be had at most booksellers or from Geographia at 114 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Channel Air Bridge inaugurated its new car ferry service to Geneva on 2 April, and will start running to Basle on the 6th. The Strasbourg service will not, however, begin until 1 June. Already the two Swiss routes have been heavily booked and a daily run has been arranged from early May.



The Mercedes-Benz 300 SE convertible, described above

Health-giving holidays

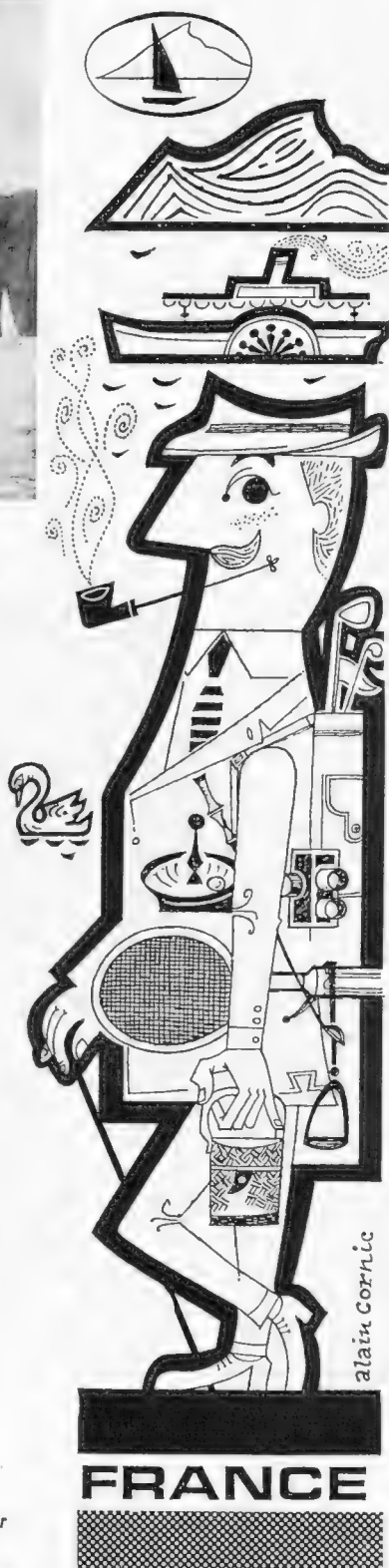
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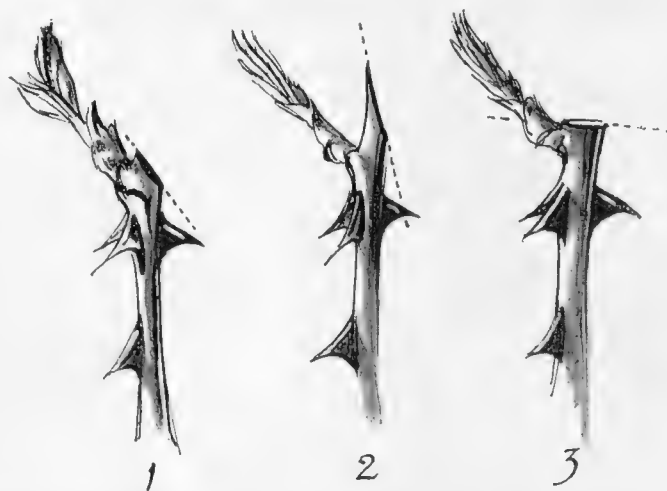
More pruning tips

IN THE PRECEDING ARTICLE ON PRUNING, I STRESSED THE DESIRABILITY of hard pruning to within three or four buds of the base the first season after planting, and included roses planted this spring if not pruned before delivery. If, however, your soil is very light, you can compromise somewhat and prune less drastically the first year, reserving the hard pruning for next year when the rose is better established. The next point is that, unless you are expert in handling a knife, it is wiser to use secateurs for rose pruning, and only the best quality is good enough. As with all garden tools, it's a waste of time and money to buy inferior secateurs: they invariably go wrong or else—the result of being made from inferior steel—quickly lose their cutting edge and damage the shoots. A pair of gardening gloves completes the outfit for all ordinary pruning jobs. I find gloves a hindrance. However, they do prevent scratches, so use them if you must. Two hands are needed for pruning; one to hold steady the branch below the one doing the cutting, and I usually use a glove on this hand alone.

Cut cleanly and decisively. The quickest and best way to learn is to get someone to show you: the rest is purely practice. Failing an experienced rose-grower to watch, a lot can be learned from a study of pruned roses in such places as Kew Gardens or the private gardens open to the public at so much a head. The cut must be made *just above* the bud and at a fairly acute angle, being careful not to damage the bud or split the stem. The diagram shows the way it should look. Bits of useless stem above the bud are an invitation to die back and rose canker.

Times for pruning vary a good deal, and it is largely a matter of judgment, but generally speaking it is neither wise nor necessary to begin pruning before the second week of March in the south and the

Midlands. The end of March is quite early enough for such areas as Lancashire and Yorkshire and into April for Scotland. Even in the south, late frosts can do damage if the roses have been encouraged by injudicious early pruning. Frosts occur in the Surrey valleys, for instance, surprisingly late in spring, so don't be in a hurry. Tea roses, if you grow them, can be left at least a week later than the H.Ts. or H.Ps.; longer if frost seems likely. Hybrid polyanthas need only a light pruning, taking out old twiggy flower stems, thinning out old wood.



Right & wrong ways to prune roses. 1. Right way, immediately above the bud. 2. Too high, and angle too acute. 3. Insufficient angle—collects rain



CHRISTOPHER BAILEY

Nicola (12 months), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Clive Beck, of Peel Street, Campden Hill, W.8

OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES

Twins Anna and Sophia (4), and Charles (15 months), children of Mr. & Mrs. R. C. Dacres Dixon, of Wadhurst, Sussex



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Weddings

de Guingand—Daglish: Sarah Elizabeth Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Edward Paul de Guingand, of East Haddon, Northamptonshire, was married to Richard Graeme Daglish, son of Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. Graeme Daglish, of Queen's Grove, N.W.8., at St. James's Spanish Place



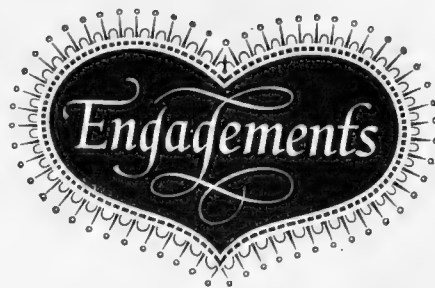
Theed—Scott: Sarah, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. D. L. Theed, of Ferry House, Wargrave, Berks, was married to Captain D. M. A. Scott, Royal Scots Greys, son of Col. D. C. Scott, of Primrose Cottage, Netherbury, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Scott, at the Royal Hospital Chapel



Hurry—Delisle: Priscilla, daughter of Capt. G. E. Hurry, R.N., & Mrs. Hurry, of Chapman's, New Ranges, Shoeburyness, Essex, was married to Peter, son of Mr. & Mrs. E. S. Delisle, of St. Kitt's, West Indies, and Trevor Square, S.W.7, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street, Chelsea



Musker—Morris: Penelope Sarah, daughter of Sir John Musker, of Shadwell Park, Thetford, Norfolk, and Lady (Elizabeth) Musker, of Eaton Square, S.W.1, was married to Alan Grant Piers, son of Mr. G. R. F. Morris, of Penylan Hall, Cardiganshire, & of Mrs. Margaret Morris, of Alassio, Italy, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.



Miss Julia Elizabeth Stuart Stephens to Mr. Oliver John Bradford Burgoyne: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George Stuart Stephens, of Shaw Park, Plumpton, Sussex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Peter Burgoyne, of More House, Wivelsfield, Sussex



Miss Diana Wilson Beardsley to Mr. Roderick Imahoy Playfair: *She* is the daughter of Mr. W. Beardsley, of Butler's Island, Darien, S.A., and Mrs. Robert Ames, of Cypress Way,ignor Regis, Sussex. *He* is the son of Dr. & s. Kenneth Playfair, of Lydford, Devon



Miss Alexandra Mellor to Captain Alastair John Crafton Hewat: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. R. Mellor, St. Helens, Isle of Wight. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. C. A. Hewat, of Earnock, Wardie, Edinburgh



Miss Carola Waveney Devitt to Mr. Peter John Jenkins: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Howson Devitt, of Alresford Grange, Colchester, Essex. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. A. F. Jenkins, of Shalford, Essex

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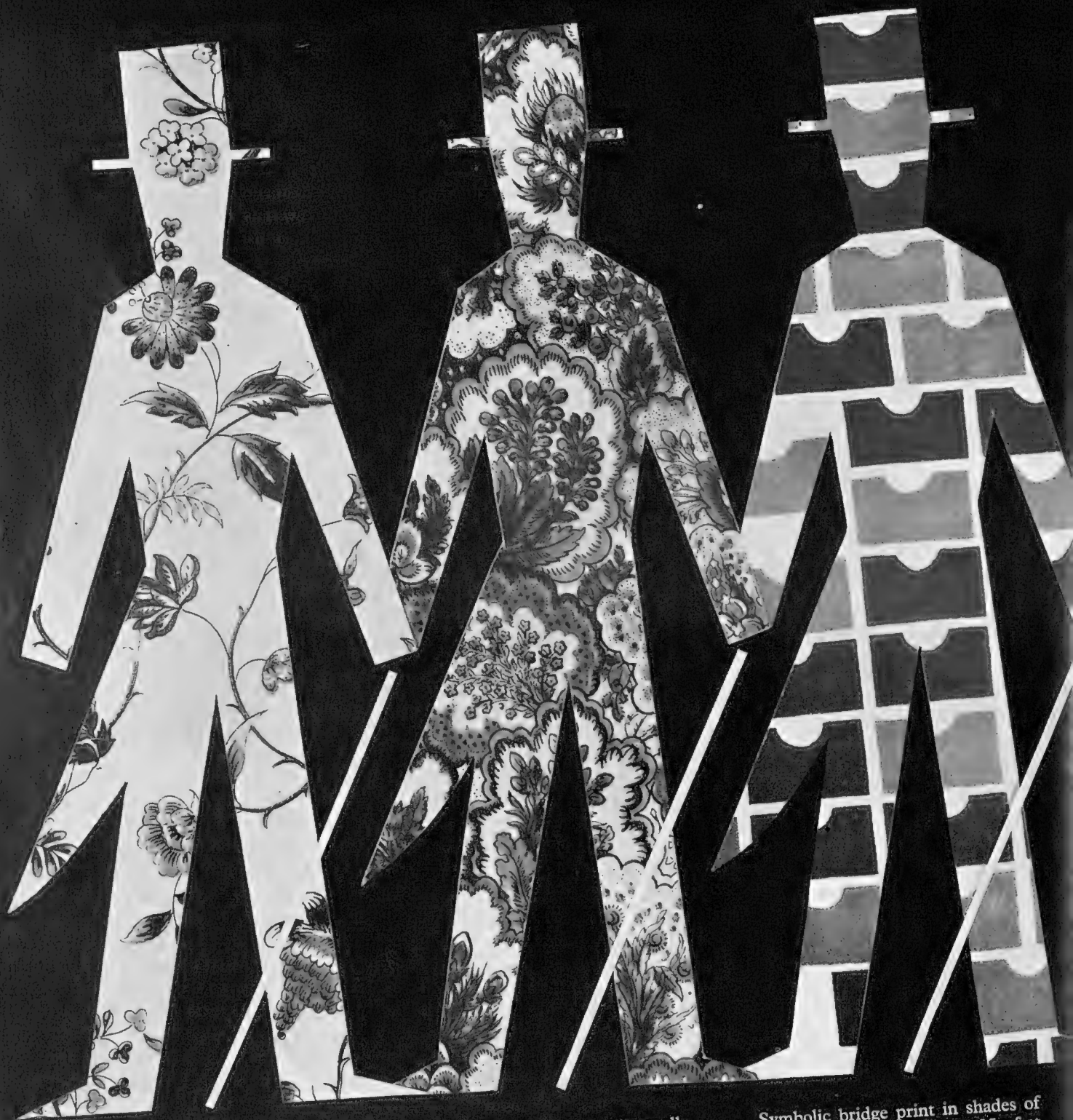
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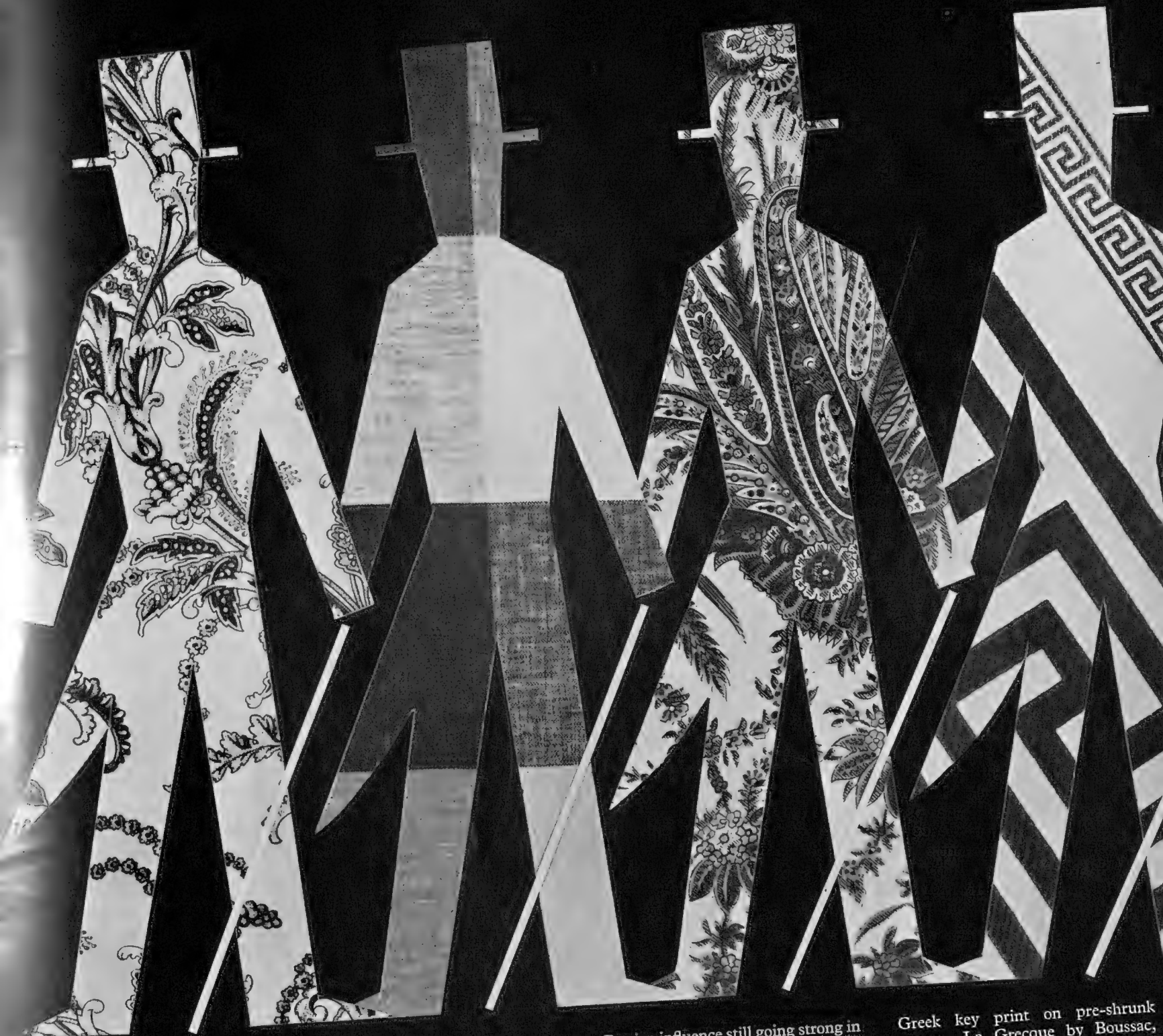
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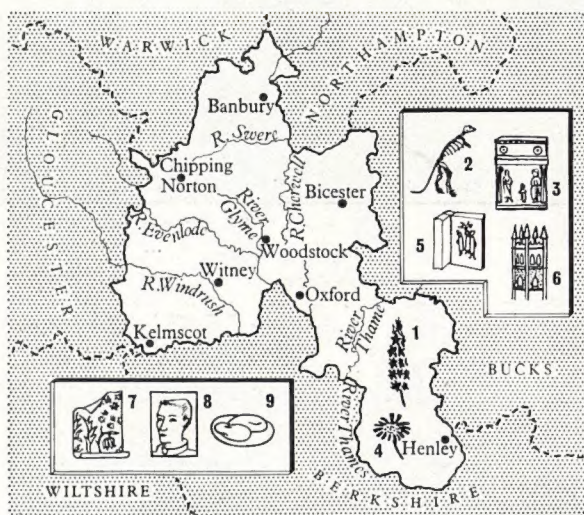
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Painted by Walter Hoyle

Shell guide to OXFORDSHIRE



"Towery city and branchy between towers" is how the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844-1889) described Oxford, where he was an undergraduate—"Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed, rook-racked, river-rounded". "River-threaded" would do for the whole county, with Thames, Thame, Cherwell, Evenlode, Windrush, Glyme, Swere, slow waters edged with Purple Loosestrife (1) between willows. In this medley the city contributes its towers and turrets, a dinosaur (2) and savage sculpture from that oddest treasure-house, the University Museum; Roman sculpture (3) from the Ashmolean (the first public museum in the world); its own special flower, Oxford Ragwort (4) which escaped to all England from the University Botanic Garden, *Alice in Wonderland* (5) written in Oxford by a don, C. L. Dodgson (1832-1898), otherwise Lewis Carroll; and crossing Magdalen Bridge, under Magdalen Tower (6) one of those double-deckers carrying cars, the chief industrial product of modern Oxford and Oxfordshire.

By the water's edge are items from Blenheim, the great 18th-century palace of the Dukes of Marlborough at Woodstock, one of these holding up a wall-paper by William Morris (7) (1834-1896), poet, designer, socialist, who lived at Kelmscot on the Thames, another supporting a likeness of Gerard Manley Hopkins (8). Not to be forgotten also are Banbury Cakes (9) an Oxfordshire, or at least a Banbury, speciality. All in all Oxfordshire was well described by Thomas Fuller in the 17th century as a shire that "aboundeth with all things necessary for man's life."

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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